

MEMOIRS

OF

T. WILKINSON.

VOL. II.

THE M. O. R. B.

J. WILKINSON.

VOL. II.

MEMOIRS
OF *Galb C. 6*
HIS OWN LIFE,

BY
TATE WILKINSON,
PATENTEE OF THE THEATRES-ROYAL, YORK & HULL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

—IF I HAD HELD MY PEN BUT HALF AS WELL AS
I HAVE HELD MY BOTTLE—WHAT A CHARMING
HAND I SHOULD HAVE WROTE BY THIS TIME!

VOL II.

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24



M E M O I R S

O F

TATE WILKINSON.

THE winter of the year 1758, was productive of many material theatrical revolutions. A sudden and unforeseen stroke happened at Drury-Lane, by the unexpected loss of Mr. Woodward, the entire support of all the comedies where Mr. Garrick was not concerned, as his *Marplot*, *Foppington*, *Sir Fopling Flutter*, *Duretete*, bore testimony; and he was of great importance in many where Mr. Garrick *was* principal; such as his never equalled *Bobadil* and *Mercutio*, Mr. Garrick being *Kitely* and *Romeo*; all the pantomime department rested entirely on the shoulders of Woodward. In short, the loss of that gentleman was such, as put so dangerous a hatchet to the tree as made the old bark to tremble, not only for its

Vol. II.

B

branches; but an alarm even of the cutting up the root of the venerable oak, that had flourished on that sacred spot, and which had been dedicated to the Muses for ages, and stood many a threatening blast and tempest. Had they not at that juncture been remarkably feeble at Covent-Garden, by the loss of Barry and others, the tears of Old Madam Drury would have had additional cause to flow. Woodward, not to his praise or wisdom be it recorded, left his enviable situation, being in possession of every comfort and affluence, and secure of the hearts and smiles of the public, and on terms of amity with Mr. Garrick; yet with all these advantages he fled, which he never repented but once, and that for altogether. Woodward and Barry seduced from both the theatres, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, formerly Miss Minors, (both living now I believe) Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Vernon, and also several useful performers, a severe cut in a regular catalogue of stock-acting plays.

That the loss of so many performers, with Woodward at the head of such a desertion from the royal standard, was considerably felt is certain; but Garrick's name was a tower of strength: He therefore in a great degree stopped the breach by his own force, presenting himself early after this revolt, not only in his characters of never failing

command of attraction, but by producing himself as a new Marplot, &c. and this chasm in his theatrical army, obliged him as a wise general to be more pliant, and enter into an engagement with Foote on his own terms, with me to act in his diversions of the morning. Revolutions in the real state, occasion the same compliance from policy, and like Mr. Bayes's Rehearsal has its sudden changes of government; instances need not be traced to shew the *ins* and the *outs*.

Mr. Garrick had that year, during the summer vacation, met accidentally with a young gentleman, an intimate friend of mine, with whom (on the loss of Woodward) he took infinite pains, and formed a great partiality and friendship for him. He made his first appearance that year at Drury-Lane in Captain Brazen, in the Recruiting Officer, early in the month of October. I dined that day with my old acquaintance Mrs. Wier, near Pall-Mall (mentioned long before) of Harrow; to this lady I shall again have occasion to recur. With Mrs. Wier lodged not a young lady, though named *Miss* Roach, and in truth, an affected, bold, *artful*, (I dare not say plain) rude, disagreeable, woman; with Mrs. Wier dined also Mr. Baker, manager of the York company. Here I refer to an instance in the early part of this work; and remark how useful at-

tentive civility turns out, from whence there can be no reason at the time to expect an advantage. My good behaviour, when I was thirteen or fourteen years old to this Mrs. Wier, grew into a lasting esteem which continued the acquaintance, and was the whole and sole occasion of bringing about, by that accidental meeting, my being manager of the York theatre.

For strangers of any reputation were then never admitted to play at York or Hull; which rule had I abided by, those stages had been on a more solid foundation than at the present day. I perceived while at dinner an oddity of humour and manner in this elderly gentleman, that demanded respect and esteem; and I also felt really an attachment for his apparent marks of worth and benevolence; this led into a strict intimacy, while the old gentleman remained his few days in London.—He wished I would visit him at York as a friend (I was not known at that time in London as a performer); and I regretted the loss of that worthy character when he left the capital. After dinner we took a coach from Pall-Mall to the theatre, and when arrived there hundreds were on their return—No room—no room, was the cry from every part of the house! Mr. Baker, with the ladies returned home; but, I from privilege, of course had admission behind the scenes.

My friend was received with candour, warmth, and universal applause; his person and manners were uncommonly genteel, and highly finished. A good representation of the real Fine Gentleman, it is often lamented, is rarely seen on the stage, and to the truth of that observation I submit; but at the same time let it be noticed, that in persons of the first station in life, aided with every requisite accomplishment, all the necessary ingredients are seldom conjoined either in the real Fine Gentleman or the real Fine Lady, so as to equal the expanse of our ideas. Read Sir Charles Grandison and we shall find the poet has furnished him with a handsome and accomplished person, his mind with manliness, taste, feeling, generosity, courage, discretion, assisted with all the arts and aids of education: But few, very few such paragons have been really seen, though, like the unicorn, such exaltation of the mind and person may perchance exist. Now an actor of understanding, and education, must certainly be in a good school for attaining ease, who performs before hundreds nightly, and part of that collected audience consisting of the first personages; and it is possible the best speaker in the House of Commons if put really to act on the stage would feel not only awkward, but likely inferior in point of

freedom and expression to the actor, even in the representation of the Gentleman.

The true Fine Gentleman is an arduous task to attain in the most exalted state, and rarely to be viewed near perfection (unless as visionary) either at the court, the bar, army, pulpit, or the stage. Indeed at the palace, ease, elegance of manners, and liberal education, with every attendant accomplishment must give the truest polish and deportment, and shine more conspicuous there than in any other department of life, as certainly the great circle will ever be the only criterion of true taste and fashion. But let us be informed of the most finished character at any period, and enter our senate purposely to view the person and manners of the paragon so famous and extolled, I think from observation I may almost venture to affirm the reality would certainly fall far short of expectation. As a point in proof, about eight years ago I had the opportunity of hearing a great man's maiden speech in the House of Commons: The tones of voice seemed truly captivating (though he spoke not *at that time* in favour of court politics) my situation was such I could not at the instant gain a glimpse at the fascinating prodigy. But when afterwards, with infinite pains and difficulty, that satisfaction was obtained—Lo!

How the great man lessen'd to my view.

The reason is demonstrative, true perfection is seldom found in Nature's works, so many requisites being necessary to the combination, renders it as difficult to find as the longitude. The late Lord Chesterfield employed his pen over numerous pages to illustrate this ; yet with all his knowledge, labour, and pains, he could not create or realife. In short, the real Fine Gentleman may truly be termed the phoenix, and that phoenix rare, Great Britain, in our present golden days, may boast rising daily to full bloom, adorned with every art, humanity, and honour, that can fill the noble breast. *Would* the Lord Chesterfield (just mentioned) could be restored to one hour's life, he then might close his eyes with transport, and from his quivering lips proclaim, he beheld all his boundless wishes gratified, when he viewed his *favourite* *graces* all united in

The PRINCE of WALES.

But to return, the young hero who played Capt. Brazen had more ease than any young or old actor I ever remember, and in drawing his sword he threw all other performers at a wonderful distance by his swiftness, ease, grace, and superior elegance ; to him, was Mr. Garrick afterwards much indebted for the applause he received in Hamlet in the fen-

cing scene with Laertes, as he performed that character, and there 'twas visible Mr. Garrick's pupil was the master. After the play was finished I paid my respects to the young gentleman, returned back to my company, and gave them an exact description of the new adventurer's good fortune, which I did with true pleasure.

Mr. Baker was seldom in London, but came to supply the loss of the York heroine Mrs. Dancer, after that Mrs. Barry, now Mrs. Crawford, who had eloped with Mr. Dancer to Barry's new Dublin theatre, by a repair of coarse plaister, in engaging the goblin Miss Roach, a horrid spectre, as a substitute for Mrs. Dancer with her merit, and then in her prime of life. Miss Roach however undertook to be the York Lady Townly, &c. But when she made her appearance, was so indifferently received, that in consequence of it, I do not believe she acted three nights the whole season. She had a good benefit, and that *extorted* by really good acting, as she attended mass constantly and so devoutly, that she was thought a faint, though little nun's flesh in her composition; for she would have debauched, a whole convent. She had much art, a cunning understanding, and a flow of spirits, yet affectation that would have been surfeiting in a beauty; but she flattered well, and to flatter well requires study and caution—if well done there is no doubt of its being glibly

swallowed. She however wheedled Mr. Baker into a belief she possessed great abilities, and the public, that she was a good woman—but it must have been without her head.

Before the middle of October, Mr. Foote had settled preliminaries with Mr. Garrick for his two exotics (as he called Mr. Foote and myself) to appear in the same piece. Mr. Foote then requested me to do Bounce, as a pupil to Mr. Puzzle, in the Diversions of the Morning, a part I had refused when in Dublin; but now as an old stager, from my practice at Portsmouth, and being in health and vigour, I had not the same excuse or objection, though it was a fatiguing scene. It was advertised in the following manner:

DIVERSIONS OF THE MORNING.

Principal Characters,

Mr. FOOTE,

Mr. HOLLAND,

Mr. PACKER;

with others,

And Mr. WILKINSON.

Without my first appearance, which certainly was unkind and unprecedented, as it did not introduce me to the candour of the public, which they ever grant to a young performer and novice on the stage. However this is an after thought; for I was at

that time highly gratified with the large letters in which my name was printed, a foible natural to every candidate. Soon after this farce was known by the town to be in rehearsal, some Mrs. Candour gave my friend Mrs. Woffington the alarm, who still lived and existed on the flattering hopes of once more captivating the public by her remaining rays of beauty (born to bloom and fade); and who declared she was astonished on hearing I had survived my presumption in Ireland, in daring (to be the devil in her likeness there) to take her off. Colonel Cæsar of the guards, who it was whispered at that time was secretly married to Mrs. Woffington, had been, as mentioned, at Portsmouth the night of my benefit, when the Duke of York and most of the principal gentlemen of the army in the kingdom were at that time assembled, and were most forcibly struck with the sudden and high entertainment they received by seeing their favourite Woffington where she was so little expected; and indeed the exactness of manner rendered it certainly as a performance of that kind, far beyond mediocrity.

She was so alarmed on Mrs. Candour's intelligence, and not without foundation of truth, of my being engaged, and worse than all to make my first appearance conjunctively with Foote at Drury-Lane; that she thought it highly prudent

for her fame and peace, from what materials of intelligence she had collected as to the imitation of herself in Dublin, to endeavour by every means of subtlety and force to counteract, prevent, and by authority put an effectual stop to such a procedure, which she judged would hurt her mind: All this was natural—most persons would do the same for the most trivial cause, and this in fact was no more than trifling—Not any person likes to be a subject of ridicule. When she was first made acquainted with my appearance in Queen Dollallolla, she declared by the living God, she was amazed “the fellow was not stoned to death in Dublin!” But her own treatment of me might have fully convinced her, that ill-nature is too apt to find countenance, particularly if exciting contemptuous merriment.

On deliberation Mrs. Woffington deputed Col. Cæsar to wait on Mr. Garrick; he related his objections in point of delicacy and honour concerning any affront, however slight, reflectedly thrown on that lady. He said to Mr. Garrick, he should not be surprised if young Wilkinson had success on such an attempt; for, without the sanction of a London audience to render it fashionable, he knew it was possible, having been a witness to his said imitation at Portsmouth; and as the same performance might render her, as an actress, ridicu-

lous, and as she was at that time under his protection, his intention as a visitor to Mr. Garrick was to inform him, if he permitted such procedure or achievement from Mr. Wilkinson on his stage, he must expect from him (Col. Cæsar) to be seriously called upon as a gentleman to answer it. Mr. Garrick immediately not only acquiesced, but expressed a detestation of any such performance, (*blefs his good nature*) and I actually believe would not have been displeased with receiving an order from the Lord Chamberlain, for a prohibition of the whole of Mr. Foote's or my exhibition, had it not proved at that juncture very convenient to make every shew of novelty to attract the town to his grand London principal booth of the fair. My appearing at all, and the being attended to, was neither Mr. Garrick's wish nor intention, if to my advantage; he therefore willingly obeyed the Colonel's mandate in behalf of his *once* lovely and admired Peggy. Indeed he could have done no less to save appearances, for where he had formerly so professedly avowed a tender passion. Mr. Garrick coincided in opinion, that such an attempt on the merits of Mrs. Woffington's acting would be illiberal and unwarrantable in the highest degree.

The day before the piece was to be acted he summoned Foote and me, and related the above-

mentioned particulars, and informed us that his word and honour was engaged to Colonel Cæsar that Mr. Wilkinson should not take the liberty to make any line, speech, or manner, relative to Mrs. Woffington, or presume to offer or occasion any surmise of likeness, so as to give the least shadow of offence, on any account whatever. This I subscribed to on Mr. Garrick's commands, and Mr. Foote became my bail for the same—for Garrick was really on this matter very uneasy with Foote and Wilkinson, his d——d exotics.

Mrs. Woffington I shall seldom have to review again in these sheets; and if the reader recollects, I have not been sparing of her good qualities, either as an actress or a woman: what I have mentioned as to myself is only what belongs to my history, but no pique from what had long ago passed; and hope when she died, if she favoured me with a thought, she forgave me as I now do her: for had I been in her place I think I might and should, too probably, have acted the same as she did. And by the same rule, had Mrs. Woffington been Mr. Wilkinson she might not have acted with so little spleen—but that perhaps the reader will say is a compliment to myself.

The Diversions of the Morning was at length produced in October, and to an overflowing theatre.—Curiosity was universally raised, to see Mr.

Foote's pupil, as I was called, and to this hour by many believed. Mr. Foote's acquaintance were numerous, and of the first circles; and he took every precaution and care for his own sake (for fear of failure or party) to have me strongly supported, and he blazed forth Wilkinson's wonderful merit, as on my success he intended what he put into execution, which was, to give me the labouring oar and make myself a number of implacable enemies; and as to the money I brought, he judged it only safe and fit for his own emolument.

In the second act of the farce *he*, surrounded by his pupils, (as Mr. Puzzle, their instructor, called me on as Mr. Wilkinson)—Mr. Wilkinson!—I was received with every pleasing token by the first audience in the world for candour and liberality—for such London certainly is when unbiassed;—it most assuredly commands and deserves that appellation.—I found myself much more alarmed than I expected I should have been, for the very name of a London audience strikes terror to the performer; but that as well as other audiences are not always judges for themselves; for party, spleen, envy, hatred, and malice can form so many different opinions, which, scattered like ratbane up and down the pit, without preserving their own respect, as may, and often does, with

wanton cruelty destroy many an actor and actress. These things (blessed be God) only sometimes happen and will again.—Instances may be given not to be denied.

The scene between Mr. Foote and myself went off with great *eclat*; on my departure from the stage, while he did his puppets, &c. the audience grew very impatient by seeing my exit, and judged that was all the new actor was to do; and feeling a disappointment, from murmuring they grew impatient, and at last burst out into vehemently asking for Wilkinson, and desiring to be informed if that was the only performance they were to expect from that young gentleman? This loud interruption was not paying him his accustomed attention, and he seemed much nettled; however, he bowed, and said the new performer was only retired for a little respite necessary for his following part of the entertainment. This answer was approved, and Mr. Foote was proceeding, but the little clamour had reached and disturbed the minds of the gods, and John Bull, as well as their godships, thinking Mr. Foote meant to deprive them of part of their rights, though they could not tell what, as they had not all heard Mr. Foote's apology distinctly, again repeated, "Wilkinson! Wilkinson!"—Foote at this second interruption grew really offended, and having secured the lower

house, he stopped and said to Mr. Manly (Holland who was on the stage with him) "Did you ever hear such fellows? D—n it, they want the fifth act of a play before the second is over!"—And as what he said generally passed current, this occasioned an universal roar, and all went on peaceably, and with great good humour, till the appointed time for my second entrance, which was near the conclusion—the people, eager to applaud they knew not why or what, but full of expectation that some strange performance was to be produced—and, indeed, to give an account of the approbation, the sudden effect, the incessant laughter, would argue so much of the fabulist, and of dear self, that it would surfeit even me to read; and if so, how would an entire stranger feel! why treat it with an angry or contemptuous opinion!—Therefore let it suffice, that every thing succeeded that night that could gratify the pride, vanity, and most sanguine wishes of a young man greedy for fame. The farce finished with my performance, and Mr. Foote on my bow made his own, not attempting to proceed, and was himself in great raptures for reasons before hinted at; but when the curtain was down he went on and assured the audience he was much honoured by their approbation, and with their permission would the next night repeat the same

piece again—which they had expected he would do, and returned the usual tokens of their approbation.

SOME OF MY IMITATIONS WERE,

Mr. SPARKS	in Capulet.
Mr. BARRY	in Alexander.
Mr. SHERIDAN	in Orestes.
Mr. FOOTE	in the Prologue.

With several others.

The next night the house was jammed in every part—the morning of which it was strongly rumoured that the actors of Covent Garden were highly enraged—that Mr. Sparks in particular was really disordered on the occasion—Mr. Holland called at the theatre and informed Mr. Garrick and Mr. Foote, he had actually heard that Mr. Sparks was so much hurt and unhappy, that he had taken to his bed and was dangerously ill;—Foote immediately replied (in his laughing manner) that it could not be true, or, that it must be a d—d lie; for he had met his wife with two pounds of mutton-chops on a skewer for her husband's dinner. This impromptu occasioned a hearty green-room laugh: for though the actors in general disliked Foote at that time, and ever did until he was a manager (*a wonderful instance*

indeed!) as they did not relish his writings on account of the freedoms he often took with the profession, which always, when introduced, the actors and managers were generally mentioned in a degrading light; and though he knew the public relished the severity, yet in fact it was not generous or neat to dirty his own nest instead of cleansing the theatrical stable; and his having been free with the performer's mode of playing, had occasioned very little regard from any, and from several a fixed hatred. He had a number of enemies in private life: Indeed many domestic characters severely felt his comic lash, which was smarting to those on whom it was inflicted; but still his universal acquaintance, his wit, humour, open house, and entertaining qualities, raised him superior to his maligners, and in general he rolled in luxury and indolence. It would have been much more unfashionable not to have laughed at Foote's jokes than even at Quin's.—Quin's were morose, strong, and of a particular vein of humour, like the characters he succeeded in—as the Old Bachelor, Apemantus, Sir John Brute, Gardener, Ventidius, Falstaff, &c. each of which bear a likeness of the man; and there were often well-pointed stories related of him in books, such as Humphrey Clinker, and many like publications, which will either justify or condemn my as-

sertion. But Mr. Foote was irresistible, spontaneous, and not confined to manner or character; for wherever he aimed his humour and raillery he shot the object as it flew by his quick fancy, and all with a superior degree to his opponents.

When Mr. Garrick was at the noon rehearsals, he ever was on the listen, and if he heard Foote and the performers joking, would enter all full of whim, and *affected* easy affability and equality, and made himself one of the laughing group, and at every jest of Foote's appeared to pay particular tributes of surprise, applause, and attention; but when in turn he related what he had studied and prepared as *very* comical, if the same repetition of approbation as had gone before attendant to Foote's humour was wanting to his, he has been cut to the soul at finding Foote's superiority, which was generally the consequence when both were pitched for battle and eager for victory at the game of repartee and sparring sarcasm; and which was frequently granted to Foote by the courtiers and adulators of Garrick, even while depending on the smiles of their master, and under the apprehension of incurring the terror and loss of favour from offended majesty.

One great reason, as a man of wit, for Foote's superiority on such convivial meetings was, that he, like the American felt bold, knew his superiority,

which was raised by the perfect knowledge of Garrick's fears, and which made Foote so easy, that he gave not himself the trouble to hate. Mr. Foote would frequently say to Mr. Garrick, "Bless me! we have been laughing away our time; it is past three o'clock; have you and Mrs. Garrick enough for a third, without infringing on your servants generosity, for I know they are on board wages? besides, the kitchen-fire may be gone out if it be one of your cold meat days, or if one of Mrs. Garrick's fast days, I cannot expect a dinner on emergency." On Foote's repeating such a whimsical jargon Garrick would act a laugh like Bayes, though all the joke lay like Mr. Bayes's—in the boots.

Many whimsical meetings have I been at between those two great geniusses, and truly enjoyed them from that time to the present. But Mr. Foote's knowledge of Garrick was but superficial when compared with Mr. Murphy's; for Mr. Murphy's cool and sensible penetration made him a perfect judge of the whole inward soul of Mr. Garrick, while Foote, without perplexing himself with the fatigue of thinking, was contented with slighter materials to garnish his merriment, and which amply satisfied his love of satire and cheerfulness. To speak seriously of these gentlemen—why Foote should have entertained such

an inconceivable disgust to Mr. Garrick I cannot devise, unless from that implacable attendant, more or less in the human breast, called *envy*, which ever haunts a theatre. That Garrick had much reason to be offended with Foote is certain, and that he inwardly hated him is as certain; nor is that to be a matter of surprise, as Foote was ever endeavouring to expose, and even, if possible, to injure him: He gloried in it, and seized every opportunity to have a cut at him and serve him up as the maimed, not perfect Garrick—unless to acknowledge perforce, like Colley Cibber, who allowed (but with great difficulty) to Mrs. Bracegirdle, that really Garrick, he believed, had merit, but Foote never introduced his deserts, or heard of him as an actor with pleasure, or allowed him any credit for his theatrical abilities, but wished the conversation was over; or, if obliged to give his sentiments, would conclude with, “Yes, the hound had a something clever; but if his excellence was to be examined, he would not be found in *any part* equal to Colley Cibber’s Sir John Brute, Lord Foppington, Sir Courtly Nice, or Justice Shallow.”

And so the world goes round.

But Justice bids me say in favour of Mr. Garrick, that to my knowledge he often assisted Mr.

Foote with sums of money, not trifling, and Foote always attributed the favour done from fear, not generosity ; yet it certainly was an obligation, and that service tendered when Foote has been in awkward situations for want of cash, and to relate facts on all sides I am here answerable.

—Nothing extenuate or set down aught in malice.

The following anecdote of Dr. Johnson and Garrick Roscius may be relied on.

Doctor Johnson, being with Foote, Holland, Woodward, and others, on a party at Mr. Garrick's villa at Hampton, as they were conversing on different subjects, he fell into a reverie, from which his attention was drawn by the accidentally casting his eyes on a book-case, to which he was as naturally attracted as the needle to the pole : on perusing the title pages of the best bound, he muttered inwardly with ineffable contempt, but proceeded on his exploring business of observation, ran his finger down the middle of each page, and then dashed the volume disdainfully open on the floor, the which Garrick beheld with much wonder and vexation, while the most profound silence and attention was bestowed on the learned Doctor ; but when he saw his twentieth well-bound book thus manifestly disgraced on the ground, and expecting his whole valuable collection would share the same victim fate, he could

no longer restrain himself, but suddenly cried out most vociferously,—“ Why d—n it, Johnson,—you, you, you will destroy all my books !”—At this Johnson raised his head, paused, fixed his eyes, and replied, “ Lookee, David, you do understand plays, *but you know nothing about books !*” which repartee occasioned an irresistible laugh at Garrick’s expence, as well as that of his having given them a good dinner, with plenty of choice viands.

But if these are to be my memoirs, it is necessary to rehearse over the scenes of my second night’s performance.——The house was what we of the theatrical tribe like to see, and term *chuck full in every part*,—not only from the alarm the first exhibition had given, but by many who were inimical to my performance, as well as those who approved of it ; for several actors had naturally roused their friends to crush me in the shell if possible, and not only scotch the snake but kill it.——On my first entrance there were marks of disapprobation, and on my second sounded to me at such an alarming height, that I thought all was over ; but the multitude of well wishers, and the number whose curiosity had been raised, longed to be satisfied, and bore all before them ; and very trifling marks were heard or suffered after, sufficient to create any great tremor or uneasiness :—to be concise ; the opposition proved

a favourable circumstance, for it fixed me as the Fashion, and superior to my master Foote as an imitator, and I was triumphantly given out again with as much satisfaction to three parts of the audience, as if I had been an actor of the first consequence on those boards.—A little ill-nature evidently shewn is the luckiest circumstance that can happen to an author or performer of any merit; but beware of a great deal.

A single critic will not frown, look big,
Harmless and pliant as a single twig;
But crowded, here they change, and 'tis not odd,
For twigs, when bundled up, become a rod.

This little piece went on in a most flourishing state till about the fifth or sixth night, when Mr. Sparks of Covent Garden theatre felt himself so wounded by my attack on his acting, (which truly was a very picturesque one, and those who remember him and me at that time will allow what I have here said) that he waited on Mr. Garrick, and requested he would not suffer him, as a man of credit in private life, and an actor of estimation in public, to be destroyed by such an illiberal attack on his livelihood; and, as it struck at his reputation, hoped he would not permit it in future as far as regarded himself, whom it had rendered miserable.—Garrick said, “Why now

hey, Sparks! why now, hey, this is so strange now, hey, a—why Wilkinson, and be d——d to him, they tell me he takes me off, and he takes Foote off, and so, why you see that you are in very good company.”——“Very true, Sir,” says Sparks, “but many an honest man has been ruined by keeping *too good company*”——and then Sparks made his bow and his exit. Mr. Garrick, however, came to the theatre at noon, paraded with great consequence up and down the stage, sent for me, and when I obeyed the mighty summons he was surrounded by most of the performers; I fancied it had been some lucky good-natured thought of his to serve me; but why should I have imagined so!——

Down, busy devil, down——

For he soon convinced me to the contrary, as he began a fiery lecture with “Now, hey, d——n it, Wilkinson!—now, why will you take a liberty with these gentlemen the players, and without my consent? you never consulted or told me you were *to take off* as you call it;—hey, why now, I never take such liberties.——Indeed I once did it, but I gave up such d——d impudence*. Hey now,

* And in saying this the good Manager forgot he “d——d those arts that caused himself to rise.”

that is I say—but you and Foote, and Foote and you, think you are managers of this theatre.—But to convince you of the contrary, and be d——d to ye †, I here order you, before these gentlemen, to desist from taking any liberty with any one of Covent Garden theatre; and I think it necessary to avow and declare my abhorrence of what you have done, and at the same time to disclaim my consent or knowledge of it:—I do not allow my-

such unbecoming liberties, nor will I permit them from another where I am manager; and if you dare repeat such a mode of conduct after my commands, I will fine you the penalty of your article”—which was three hundred pounds.—

Here I felt myself in a fine predicament; here was a sudden fall to all my greatness, and a haste to my setting.—The actors and actresses, one and all, applauded the goodness of Mr. Garrick's heart, and sneered at the lowered pride of an upstart mimic and his imitations. I stood like Cardinal Wolfey in the third act of Henry VIII. when looked on contemptibly by the Lords Surry, Norfolk, Suffolk, &c.

So farewell my little good Lord Cardinal!

And had Garrick gone and pronounced—“And now to dinner with what appetite ye may,”—it would have heightened the resemblance, if I

† A common expression of Mr. Garrick's,—in half jest, half earnest.

may be allowed to compare small things with great.—I was exceedingly embarrassed and mortified, when up came to me Dame Clive, who said aloud, “Fie, young man! fie!” and declared it was impudent and shocking for a young fellow to gain applause at the expence of the players, whose reputation with the public rested in their good opinion, and the performers ought to appear quiet, peaceable, and well behaved, and not act in such an hostile manner as I had done with those gentlemen who endeavour to get a livelihood.—“Now,” added she, “I can and do myself *take off*, but then it is only the Mingottii †, and a set of Italian squalling devils who come over to England to get our bread from us; and I say curse them all for a parcel of Italian bitches;”—and so Madam Clive made her exit, and with the approbation of all the stage lords and ladies in waiting, whilst I stood like a puppy dog in a dancing-school—when Mr. Mossop, the turkey-cock of the stage, with slow and haughty steps, all erect, his gills all swelling, eyes disdainful, and hand upon his sword, breathing, as if his respiration was honour, and, like the turkey, almost bursting with pride, began with much *hauteur*—“Mr. Wilkinson! phew! (as breathing grand) Sir,—Mr. Wil—kin—son, Sir, I say—phew!—how dare you, Sir, make free in a public theatre, or even in a private party,

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† Mingotti was the Mara of that year.

with your superiors? If you were to take such a liberty with me, *Sir*, I would draw my sword and run it through your body, *Sir!* you should not live, *Sir!*"—and with the greatest pomp and grandeur made his departure; his supercilious air and manner was so truly ridiculous, that I perceived Mr. Garrick underwent much difficulty to prevent his gravity from changing to a burst of merriment; but when Mossop was fairly out of sight he could not contain himself, and the laugh beginning with the manager, it was followed with avidity by each one who could laugh the most—and all anger with me was for a *few minutes* suspended, and certainly Mossop's Don Quixote-like manner was irresistibly diverting, and pleased every one but me, who stood all their brunts, for I did not feel myself in a cheerful mood; yet good humour was so prevalent, that I could not refrain from smiling, and at this time can laugh very heartily whenever I bring the scene into my mind's eye. Presently entered Foote, loudly singing a French song to shew his breeding, and on seeing such a group of actors on the stage, pronounced like Witwou'd, "Hey day! what are you all got together here like players at the end of the last act!"—then said he had called at Mr. Garrick's house, and was informed he should find him at the theatre; for he wanted to fix on

two or three plays wherein he would act on the nights of his Diversions in the Morning. Mr. Garrick then assumed much serious consequence, and related to Mr. Foote the state of affairs—that he had received strong representations from Covent Garden theatre, and had, from motives of humanity and consideration, resolved to put a stop to Wilkinson's proceedings, and that Mr. Tate must that night perform the part of Bounce only, and at his peril to disobey his orders; and that after his exit as Mr. Bounce, the piece must finish with Mr. Foote's performance, and no more Wilkinson.—“If indeed now—if Wilkinson could have taken me off, as Mrs. Garrick says, why now as to that I should have liked it vastly, and so would Mrs. Garrick.—But I again enforce Wilkinson's not appearing on my stage a second time”——and to my astonishment Foote assented: But had I been intrusted or acquainted with chicanery and the mysteries behind the curtain of a London theatre, (though to this hour I am not above half perfect) my wonder would not have been so great.

I went from the playhouse in dudgeon, and retired home with a heavy mind, though only three hours before I had left my lodgings all elate, and with a heart as light as a feather; but all my alertness was gone, and I entered with a bosom

overpowered with shame and disappointment, and should not have been surpris'd had I been affronted in the streets as I went to and from the theatre; for I every day received incendiary letters, and the rage and anger of some particular performers even bordered on inveteracy.

As the evening approach'd, I went and prepar'd myself for Bounce only, according to order, and when Bounce was finish'd retir'd to the green-room; but am certain both Mr. Garrick and Mr. Foote had plant'd persons in the house to call for Wilkinson, because Mr. Foote had not gone through half his performance when the call for me was universal; which could not have been the case, as it was a repeated piece, and the time not come for my second appearance as usual, had not some subtlety been us'd in the business. As for my own part, I am clear I was perfectly innocent, not having any knowledge of the town, or by any means, at that time, knowing how to raise a clamour of the kind; therefore some chicanery must have been practis'd in the affair. I thought Mr. Foote had been prepar'd with sufficient reasons for the omission, and that he would have explain'd them to the audience, and the farce be no more repeated. But no doubt now remains with me, that, notwithstanding the

lecture I had received in the morning, it meant more than reached the ear; and the event which followed was the result of ingenuity, which by a develop of characters, I think I may honestly venture to give a bold guess how the matter really was, though at that time it did not strike my mind.—The clamour continued when Mr. Foote retired from the stage, and Mr. Garrick ordered the lights to be let down, which consisted of six chandeliers hanging over the stage, every one containing twelve candles in brass sockets, and a heavy iron flourished and joined to each bottom, large enough for a street palisade. This ceremony being complied with, Mr. Garrick said, it would, with the lamps also lowered, be a convincing proof to the audience that all was over; but this only served, like oil thrown on flames, to increase the vociferation. On Garrick's perceiving this, he came to me in the green-room, and with seeming anger and terror asked me, How I had dared to cause a riot and disturbance in his theatre, and send a set of blackguards into the house to call for me? All I could urge in my horrid situation was, asserting my ignorance of the matter, but which was of no avail; and while I was proceeding with my assertions in *piano*—the *forte* broke out into outrageous tumult—What was to be done! I replied, I would

run away; but that Mr. Garrick said, as matters stood, could not be suffered. "Foote!—Foote!—Foote!" was echoed and re-echoed from every part of the house: He had been standing with the most perfect ease, and laughing all the time; but being thus loudly summoned, obeyed the call of duty, and on the stage instantly presented himself; and when there was interrogated, Why, Mr. Wilkinson's part of the farce that had been so well received was omitted? Mr. Foote made an harangue, and observed, if honoured with their patience to hear him, he would endeavour to explain, and he hoped to their satisfaction; on this silence ensued. He said, he was exceedingly sorry to have given cause, for being called to an account for any motive of their displeasure; begged respectfully to assure them, that as to the omission of Mr. Wilkinson's latter performance, it had only been introduced by way of entertainment, not with intention of injury to any individual whatever; for a harmless laugh was all the young gentleman had aspired to—nor could he have meant more, and by so doing, to add a trifle for the entertainment of the public; and Mr. Wilkinson had desired him to remit his grateful acknowledgments for the kind indulgence they had honoured him with: But very unfortunately what had only been humbly offered as harmless, had

been basely misconstrued into wickedness; for Mr. Garrick and himself, (Mr. Foote) had received remonstrances and cruel reflections from certain performers, alledging that they suffered in their reputations, and as reputations were not slender materials, in consequence thereof, Mr. Garrick and himself from motives of generosity had yielded to such importunity and allegations, and had cheerfully sacrificed that part of the entertainment; as by so doing they added happiness and private peace to others, however beneficial the continuance of it might have been to the theatre; and ardently hoped their conduct on the occasion, was such as merited not only the pardon, but the approbation of the audience, and which should ever be their study to merit and obtain.

This declamation instead of pacifying, was treated with marks of anger and contempt, and an universal cry for Wilkinson!—Wilkinson!—On which Mr. Foote advanced once more, and said, as for his own peculiarities, if they could afford the least entertainment, Mr. Wilkinson was at full liberty to exercise his talents to their utmost extent; and then added *archly*, (for the which I have reason to think, the manager did not find himself in the least obliged) he believed, nay was assured, Mr. Wilkinson might as far as respected Mr. Garrick, without any restrictions, take the

same freedom. The cry was for me immediately to appear, and that without delay; Mr. Foote promised I should be instantly produced, and took leave with a general plaudit. For, as Mrs. Bellamy observes, Mr. Town and John Bull, would have their own way and not be in the least controlled. It may easily be supposed mine was a perplexed state, being in every point circumstanced very disagreeably, and not a friend to speak to me. On Mr. Foote's return to the green-room, he laid hold of my arm, and said, I must go on the stage that moment. "And what must I do when I am there?" says I. "O!" replied he, "anything—what you like, and treat them with as much of me as you please." "Aye," but says I, "what does Mr. Garrick say? for without his orders I cannot proceed." "Hey—why now—Hey!" says Garrick, "Why now, as they insist, I really do not see, that I am bound to run the hazard of having a riot in my theatre to please Sparks and the rest of the Covent-Garden people;—and if they are not satisfied with your serving up Mr. Foote as a dish—why, it is a pity, as I to-day observed, but you could give me; but that you say is not possible with any hopes of success.—Why now—haste—they are making a devilish noise; and so, as you have begun your d——d taking off—why go on with it, and do what

comes into your head, and do not in future plague me with your cursed tricks again. So Sam Foote popped the *Exotic* on the stage; there was no time to be lost, as they feared bad consequences. I was afraid to go on, but on the stage I was actually pushed by Mr. Garrick and Mr. Foote, and my hair did stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine. The curtain was dropped, and the branches also down on each side. My fright was apparent, but Mr. Town soon cheered my spirits, as there was not one dissenting voice in the whole audience. I began, and very freely with Mr. Foote, and then was for retiring, but the cry was, "No, no—go on, go on!" and many said aloud, "Damn it, take them all off!" I took the hint, and was encouraged at so furious a rate, that I went through a long course of mimicry with great eclat, having permission, as I thought: My distress of the morning all vanished, and was exchanged for the most delightful feelings in the evening; being all elated, and on a short reflection, relying on Garrick's declaration, as the words of truth, when he had twice declared nothing could please him or Mrs. Garrick more than a well executed likeness of himself as an actor: but note, good reader, in this point I had not acted with honour, but duplicity; for whenever he had jokingly asked me "What sort of a

subject I could make of him?" I always answered, "I never could form any resemblance whatever; for his manner and tones were so natural, and his voice so melodious, that any imitation was impossible." This he greedily swallowed and believed—(charming flattery!) but in the close of my performance, that remarkable night, the audience were wonderfully surprised and tickled, on beholding so unexpectedly a resemblance of the incomparable Roscius, which increased my spirits to such a degree, that

"As I had, in blood step'd in so far,
"Returning were as tedious as going o'er"——

I determined to give the audience a good meal, and finding my first attack had made a favourable impression in their opinions, I advanced without mercy, cried havock, and produced Mr. Garrick in three characters.

LEAR.—Belov'd Regan, thou wilt shake to hear
What I shall utter—thou could'st ne'er have
thought it——
Thy sister's naught: O Regan! she has ty'd
Ingratitude like a sharp tongu'd vulture here;
I scarce can speak to thee.

This speech set me a-going, prepared for what followed, and caused great effect by my being lucky in the thought and the application. I had two

long plaudits for pronouncing a few words ; but those words were in Garrick's manner and required time : they were from Biron, a part he had only first performed the year before, the play being revived and altered to shew Mrs. Cibber to advantage ; and has of late seasons proved equally so to Mrs. Siddons.

BIRON.—I come to him——

'Tis Belford I suppose, he little knows
Of what has happen'd here ; I wanted him,
Must employ his friendship, and then—Oh !
Oh ! Oh ! &c. &c.

I was not contented on this burst of encouragement, but spoke as Garrick, from

HAMLET—For O ! it cannot be—

But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter ; or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal.—Bloody, bawdy villain !
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless,
villain !

Why, what an ass am I ? this is most brave,
That I the son of a dear father murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drab——
A Cullion !—fie upon't !—About, my brain !——

And at the last line I made my finish and exit in his manner, with loud acclamations, and was

all alive, alive O ! But for me personally to recite these peculiarities, would give a much better idea, than even the ablest pen can possibly describe.

After this night all opposition or affront was dropped, and the enraged performers were advised to let me die a natural death, as the most prudent method ; for, by opposite means, they rendered Wilkinfon popular, and by not taking umbrage he would sink into insignificance. The farce was continued and gained additional force ; and Mr. Foote, as he reaped the profit, was highly enraptured, and said, Wilkinfon was very clever. He was the general, receiving high and honorary rewards, whilst, in fact, I was merely held in rank but as a poor subaltern at low pay, for standing to be shot at. In that farce Mr. Packer acted Carmine, and from that year 1758, has remained in a respectable light to the present date.

Certainly the space filled up while Garrick was in want of materials, both as to performers and plays, by this farce, was a severe infliction on me ; as the only advantage I derived from it, was making myself in some degree popular, and universally known to be the son of the late Rev. Dr. Wilkinfon, who was obliged to seek refuge and relief from the public by going on the stage : But I really was in similitude no better than a stone-eater, or like Powell the fire-eater ; for, I was com-

pelled and obliged to submit for receiving thirty shillings per week, playhouse-pay, to step each evening, comparatively speaking, over red hot irons; but surely it was my *purity* that guided my frequent walks with such safety. All the time not *one* guinea as a present, or as a bribe, from either Mr. Garrick or Mr. Foote; nay, from that whimsical night Mr. Garrick was so hurt and offended with my representation of his likeness, that almost during the remainder of the season, he never deigned to let his eye grace me with its observance, and of course not a single word to comfort me from his royal lips; all conveyed whenever I met him austerity, anger, and dislike. Indeed, he felt himself inwardly hurt with the liberty I had taken; yet, surely, he had drawn himself into the predicament, by what was very extraordinary to say and alledge of him as fact,

HIS OWN BAD ACTING.

For he certainly was beyond compare, the most universal great actor the world ever produced on a stage, or probably ever will. I, like a fool as I was, because I looked upon Mr. Garrick as a great performer, put confidence in what he said, and thought it was gospel; but it needs no wonderful sense, and but very little experience, to teach how wrong, laughable, and absurd, it is to believe

all that great men will say: Not but there are phenomena of nobleness and goodness who are contradictions to such an assertion, as I can testify, have experienced, and may again; I trust I shall know blessings and benevolence from the great and benevolent. The world in general, like a wild garden, may be over-run with weeds, brambles, and briars, nevertheless here and there a fine nectarine or peach may be plucked; or like a lottery abounding with blanks, yet astonishing luck may surprise the unfortunate with a prize.

After having been at that time near twelve months in regular practice on the stage, it does not at this period read to my advantage, to have proved myself such an egregious dupe; and to have been so mere a novice to arts of greatness, and the observance of the wide difference between what is pronounced by the lips and thought by the mind.

Foote, by the practice of seeing me take him off every night, as I kept within the bounds of decorum, let it not a whit disturb his repose; for, as he obtained the golden fleece—why, let the world laugh and be ———. And so far it became his sole business and interest, while that farce lasted; but as to his good friendship for me tho' very pleasant at the time, it only extended to.—
No longer pipe—no longer dance.

Mr. Garrick, who felt aggrieved from what he had himself desired me to do, and what I had acted by his request and permission, blamed *me* (as is natural in most cases) rather than *himself*, and not being my friend, it served to increase his spleen and dislike. Another reason made him express his tenderness of disposition and soft sensations of his heart, by way of condemning my performance; and by that open disavowal waved all blame or severity from being levelled at him: as on that occasion, he not only publicly disapproved, but declared his innocence as to any knowledge of what I had done. For, so far from his suspecting or being aware of it, I had surprised him by a stolen march, so his hands were clear; and as to Mr. Foote, if any dirt was thrown at him, he could wash it off with his Tea, and clean himself. But above all he feared, if he seemingly approved and all was quiet and I found myself of consequence, by evidently drawing money to his royal exchequer, I might not without reason, touch him on his tenderest point, the very master string that made most harmony or discord in him—that was *money*—his *money*! his *money*! his *money*!

If I from such a poor pittance proved myself a pecuniary object to Mr. Garrick, had he sanctioned and applauded what he had thus disap-

proved, and had I petitioned and offered to remonstrate for an addition to my salary, or solicited for a handsome present for secret services, he could not with any degree of propriety have refused; therefore he wisely and politically guarded against such an attack, and thereby effectually prevented an impertinent request at that time from me, or any friend I might depute to hint or present a memorial with stated reasons for my advancement in his army; as I had under General Bayes's command, in three or four successive engagements, distinguished myself in the field of battle, where I had fought with great bravery when serving in his regiment of light horse, and was twice or thrice discovered amongst the slain. This or any such manifesto would have proved fruitless and abortive; for besides taking away his life, his soul, his dear old gold, as he had yielded or (in well acted appearance) seemed to have yielded to the stings of his tender conscience, by which it was conceived, and even actually believed, in opposition and against their senses, that his goodness was superior to his self-interest; this afforded him two secret pleasures—raising his humanity at my expence, and after all contriving to have it called for and continued as if against his inclination. This was a *master piece* of a head finely interwoven with wheels within wheels, and

far superior to any mechanism his carpenters could boast of—and of their skill he had thus declaimed—

- “ What eager transport stares from ev’ry eye,
- “ When pulleys rattle and our genii fly ;
- “ When tin cascades, like falling waters gleam,
- “ Or through the canvas bursts the real stream ;
- “ While thirsty Islington laments in vain,
- “ Half her NEW RIVER roll’d to Drury-Lane.”

And a third reason was, though last, not of the least pleasing result ; as by this train of my alledged offences I was secluded and kept at a proper distance, so as to prevent any approach to the throne ; therefore my harvest did not promise to be a golden one, being forbid my appearance at court. This farce continued going on with quietness and success till near Christmas. During that time I was in a perpetual round of engagements and invitations, either with my own friends, or on parties with Mr. Foote at many of the fashionable tables, such as Mr. Calcraft’s, Lady Vane’s, Sir Francis Delaval’s ; and mixed with the first set of gentlemen at the principal hotels and taverns in London. One day I was led into an error from vanity, but certainly not to my credit ; however, as a faithful historian I will not hide the circumstance.

As the glass and good humour went round, and each seemed on a level, I from intimacy, and

and really a liking to all my friend Shuter did, used frequently for half an hour together to introduce myself into company as Mr. Shuter, and being with him perpetually on his sober as well as his indiscreet frolics, it actually only seemed to those acquainted with his mode and manner as another Shuter, as his stage-acting or his private oddities were become equally easy to be assumed by me. This caused so much laugh, applause, and flattery, which is much more fascinating than a jack-anthorn, and easily gains followers; that I was persuaded to exhibit a likeness of Shuter on the stage. Foote desired Colonel Thornton, and several others to importune me, urging what was really true, that as a genius of comedy he could not receive any injury by the force of imitation; that as a man of humour he would even himself be entertained with it, and it was impossible for him, on such a trivial occasion, to be seriously angry, as he had more sense, &c. All these arguments working on my eagerness for fame, seduced me, but not without some pangs, as I really and truly, in the full sense of the word, regarded Shuter, and admired his faults full equally with his best qualities; for we had heard the chimes at midnight. Not any person now existing remembers this circumstance so well as Mr. Austin; he and I were very intimate, and he was one of

the very few belonging to the theatre who wished me well ; and when I informed him of Colonel Thornton and Foote's request, said, " Why, Tate, you are a great rogue, but you may as well take off Shuter as not, it will only be a shyness for a few days, and then you will shake hands and all will be well again ;" and that evening with my waggish friend's advice, who loved a little mischief, and which accorded with my own inclination, it was concluded, and the next night carried into execution.—I want, now (though all is over, and I am truly grieved to say Shuter is dead and buried) to lay the blame on the persuasive Joseph and the odd bottle that made us both much wiser than when we yawned over the first. It awkwardly happened the next day after this consultation, that I met Shuter at dinner, and knowing my evil intentions, I felt like most people who are conscious integrity is not the strict rule of their conduct, for though not a criminal or a serious matter, it certainly wanted a palliation, but I did not know how to act.—Shuter had stuck by me from my very first distress—Shuter had stood buff for me against a host of foes—and I knew not any able lawyer who could undertake my brief, and that brief weighed with such reasons, who could strictly acquit me even to myself. If I had asked him seriously, he certainly would have given

a negative, and still let suspicion of his friend hanker on his mind in future, and on his refusal I could not think of doing it; therefore I determined like a young couple for Scotland, who marry first, and ask pardon afterwards. I cannot defend this conduct to Shuter to this moment, though I can boast, if that can be taken as an excuse, that I received great encouragement for the same; but it deadened all Shuter's intimacy and mine. Yet like Parthenope you will find (with a little patience) it was not dead neither. I entered on the comic-tragical business I had promised on the very evening I had purposed. The amazingly strong likeness of so popular a stage character when I appeared in walk, gait, voice, and features, in M'Ruthen, the London cries, &c. was by the galleries instantaneously recognized for their darling friend Ned Shuter; and instead of anger they received it with such joy, that when it was over I flattered myself Shuter would be as pleased as myself; but instead of that—No, no, it was quite the contrary. I called it a joke, *Shuter* did not; or if he would, those about him were so little prone to good-nature, that they would not suffer any vegetation of that kind to grow or rest in his mind, but plucked it up by the roots. Applause I received it is very true, but by all Shuter's friends and acquaintance, which were very numerous, I

was shunned and looked upon as treacherous. I think I had some perpetual fatality in those (as well as the present) days, which quickly clouded my sunshine by heavy showers of perplexity.

This trifling imitation of mine (though very like) was truly nonsensical, and by no means injurious; yet it was so blazoned by *all* the performers of both houses, that I was represented in the blackest colours, as incapable of friendship, sensibility, or gratitude. This gave me many a twinge, but the want of his company at that time was a severe punishment indeed, as not being with him two or three evenings if practicable in the week required, in my young opinion, engagements of a superior kind to make amends for so great a loss as the society of my friend Edward Shuter; my only compensation was the applause I received on my continued imitation, which I thought a very good joke. To keep up my spirits, added to my kind reception at the theatre, all my own particular friends in private life were staunch and good, and I had the pleasure of seeing the best of mothers perfectly happy, and every reasonable want at command. Many of my mother's and late father's acquaintance were, as may be supposed, in the vale of years, and not of the frisky cast. At that time I frequently dined at the Thatched House, in Pall-Mall, with Colonel Thornton of the Blues; and

being so well received at Drury-Lane theatre secured those favours—for all in all depends upon success, and every day stamps that remark;—also with young Captain St. Leger (the late General St. Leger) of whom I have spoken before.

About the early time of my acquaintance with General St. Leger, Mr. Flood, Colonel Boden, Captain Hufsey, and many others, were frequently on snug chit chat parties; sometimes for dinners, at other times after the play. And indeed these agreeable and reputable engagements made me great amends for the almost total neglect of scenic acquaintance, Mr. Austin being then my single intimate theatrical flower, and the only one I could select out of the whole collected bunch of both the royal playhouse nosegays, and with him that intimacy has continued.

At that time (during the run of Foote's farce) I actually had received genteel presents not to be too free as an imitator. Mr. Ridout, before my unlucky misunderstanding with Shuter, had very frequently desired the favour of both our companies to sup with him at the Shakspeare, at which meeting he informed me that he was unhappy at the apprehension of my marking his manner of playing before the London audience, as he was well informed I had the capability of putting such an act into force, for our mutual friend Shuter had

in his laughing manner told him the same, but it had more forcibly alarmed him as Mr. Macklin had declared at the Bedford, that Mr. Wilkinson had proved more genius in his manner of personating *that non-entity* RIDOUT, than all his other forces collected; and not many years are elapsed since I have, from Mr. Macklin himself, heard the same expression repeated. Mr. Ridout continued to urge he was not an object of sufficient consequence to cause any addition to my reputation; therefore unless I could alledge a contradictory reason to that assertion, he desired Shuter's interest might intervene and prevent my putting any such experiment into practice, and said, if he found I let him lie undisturbed and sleep in quiet, he on his word of honour would not only think himself much indebted to me, but in the utmost punctilio prove to me that he was not only an obliged friend, but a grateful one. Shuter solicited, and the bond of amity was settled to the satisfaction of the trio; and I must in justice add, Mr. Ridout ever behaved to me like a gentleman, and when past all worldly cares and solicitude, proved himself the man of his word and honour, as will hereafter appear.

This whimsical jumble of Mr. Foote's went on till near Christmas, when his benefit was appointed.

The MERCHANT of VENICE.

Shylock (for the first time) Mr. FOOTE.

Portia Mrs. CLIVE.

To which was advertised, for the first time that
season, the farce of

The A U T H O R.

With (in act the first)

AN ADDITIONAL SCENE,

Which was wrote purposely for my assistance on that night. The character was entitled and called Mrs. O'Shocknesy; all was ready rehearsed and perfectly prepared for our royal exhibition—when, O dreadful to relate! or, as Mrs. Inchbald's epilogue to *Such Things Are* expresses it, "Down came an order to suspend the ball!"—In plain English, a peremptory mandate from the Lord Chamberlain to inform Mr. Garrick, that Mr. Aprice, a gentleman of family and fortune, had made personal application to him as highly aggrieved, and had urged that, at the united voice of all his connections, he desired the farce of the Author might be expunged from the list of theatrical pieces, they having all concurred in one general opinion that the character of Mr. Cadwallader was purposely written and drawn out by the writer

to render ridiculous Mr. Aprice, his manner, and his peculiar oddities, which made him a topic for public laughter, and satirical joke and mummery—himself and wife could not go along the streets without being insulted with, “My dear Becky, and here comes Dicky, &c.”—which allegations were strictly true: In short, he urged that they were become common objects for laughter and affront by Mr. Foote’s audacious freedom; and though he honestly confessed he had with his wife Dolly seen the farce, yet they could not find a similitude, but his family felt injured as well as all their friends, who insisted on a curb being laid on Mr. Foote’s licentiousness, and the only proper and immediate removal of grievance rested on the sense, feelings, justice, and honour of the Lord Chamberlain for instant *redress*. His Lordship on very little consideration favoured the remonstrance, and gave his verdict against Mr. Foote: being at the very crisis, and not put in force till the day of performance, all appeal, all interest to counterbalance was in vain; he would hear no petitions; that day was the final will and pleasure; and my poor Mrs. O’Shocknesy’s apparel may in consequence be mouldering for what I know on the shelves of the wardrobe at Drury-Lane, but I hope not for the honour of her family, as the wardrobe was in hands that knew how to turn the

penny, and not let any thing be useless that by wise contrivance could be made to produce something, and sure to do so if ever so little. This sudden and fatal decree was irrevocable, and Mr. Foote, as the command came so unexpectedly, even while I was actually rehearsing the new scene, was thrown into a consternation and panic not to be described. Those who are inured to misfortunes bear shocks of terror and disappointment with more firmness of mind than those whom affluence and favour have courted, as use reconciles hardships; and indeed is comprehended by what every old man and woman can say, That one half of the world do not know how the other half live.

Mr. Foote appeared shocked, pale, and dejected, for in the Author he had depended on honours flowing thick upon him, which this hasty killing frost not only nipped but cut the root, so as to prevent its being for that year a tree bearing fruit; nay, even Mrs. Clive was melted, who hated him, and had said but an hour before, "You play Shylock, Mr. Foote! how the devil should you know how to act Shylock, who never could play a character well in your life!" "Why not, madam?" replied Foote, "how can you tell I can't act Shylock till you have seen me?" "Why," replied Clive, (with a woman-like reason) because I am certain you don't know how to speak a line of

it;" and all was by the angry lady as easily pronounced as if it had been said to her cook-wench. By the bye, though she was a comic actress *beyond* compare, when in her proper line, as Mrs. Heildburgh, Widow Blackacre, &c. yet her Portia was as truly bad as her own imagination (however contemptible it might be) formed Mr. Foote's Shylock would be. But this tender Catherine (and there she was clever) almost sobbed for her dear Foote when the Author was prohibited, and his Lordship, who sent the decree, did not escape her deprecations: but the secret lay here; Becky, I mean Mrs. Cadwallader, her part in the farce, being stopped, was as great a disappointment to her as an actress, as the Author being silenced was to Mr. Foote. He felt like Shylock, which he had been rehearsing, and regretted the money this stoppage would lose him, three thousand ducats in that, besides other precious jewels. The incomparable Clive outwardly grieved for Foote, and acted it very well, though tragedy was not her forte, but was inwardly assisted by her anger, and all her tenderness being really moved for the loss of her dear Mrs. Cadwallader; and certainly very few such instances of great acting ever was or will be produced in competition with her performance of that character. She there (as Cibber says in his preface) outdid her usual outdoings. She was

the terror of poets, managers, actors, actresses, and musicians—O rare Kate Clive!—there was no resource left but to change the farce, stick up fresh bills, explain the unavoidable necessity for so doing, and request the usual indulgence—as to what farce—the stale Diversions of the Morning was the only substitute. These precautions taken, Mr. Foote went home to dinner as sheepish and with as little appetite as I had done some weeks before on my general lecture day, and I dare answer for him with as little relish; for those who are blessed with superabundant spirits, when once they are sunk, are quite chop-fallen.

I retired with a mediocrity of temper on this occasion like an easy gentleman, though really sorry for Mr. Foote: I was also sorry for the loss of my Irish lady, whom I had just taken into keeping; but as my wants were not pinched, this little fracas did not depress me. The audiences in London generally have great consideration, and though disappointed and vexed at not seeing this long promised favourite farce of the Author, with the new scene, were convinced that Mr. Foote should rather claim their pity and encouragement than their condemnation, as he lost not only by his house being in some degree prejudiced that night, by the peremptory order of high office, but also his profits from the managers for

eight or ten nights, which alluring prospects were rendered impracticable, great expectations being daily increased by Mr. Foote's repeated puffs in the public papers, not omitting the humour and excellence to be expected from Wilkinson's new character of Mrs. O'Shocknesy. The substitution of the Diversions of the Morning was received rather like a new favourite than a repeated old piece, which is generally the case in London whenever the Chapter of Accidents causes disappointments, and every one is thoroughly convinced whatever has happened wrong is not in consequence of neglect or design. Nothing will stronger possess minds in general, or warp them to obstinate ill-nature so certainly as an idea of falsehood, art, or the being entrapped by the sinister theatrical views behind the curtain.

Good fortune had whirled her wheel so pleasantly, take her for all in all, till Christmas 1758, that my universal acquaintance made me quite an indifferent spectator, and ideas of being a great man, which had so often been crushed and lain dormant began to rear again, not without strong hopes of honours accompanied, I assured myself that halcyon days would some time come; nay, to place my hopes on infallible grounds, a gipsy at Norwood, near Dulwich, fortold wonders; and every wonder, to suit my prophetic fancy, she

affirmed, and I, with a faith as strong as a sensible methodist, believed all.

Mr. Foote, be it understood, had not acted at the Hay-Market, with or without permission of the Lord Chamberlain, from the time of his memorable giving Tea; nor from the year 1747, at Covent-Garden; he had not acted at either theatre till one night in the spring for Miss MACKLIN's benefit, Tuesday, April 24, 1753. Her play was the Orphan; she acted Monimia, Mr. Foote acted Buck; but his name (for what reason I cannot guess) was not inserted in the bills. The first acting of the Englishman in Paris was as follows.

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BENEFIT OF Mr. MACKLIN.

Saturday, March 24, 1753.

THE FAIR PENITENT..

The part of CALISTA to be performed

By Miss MACKLIN,

*Being the first time of her appearing in that character,
and the fourth upon any stage.*

Lothario, - - Mr. DYER.

Sciolto, - - Mr. MACKLIN.

Altamont, - - Mr. RIDOUT.

Lavinia, - - Mrs. ELMY.

And the part of HORATIO to be performed

By Mr. BARRY.

To which will be added, a new Comedy of two acts, called

The ENGLISHMAN in PARIS.

Being an Answer to a French Farce, called

THE FRENCHMAN IN LONDON.

With an occasional Prologue between

Mr. MACKLIN and his WIFE,

Addressed to the PIT.

And an EPILOGUE, by Miss MACKLIN.

All written by Mr. FOOTE.

* * Nothing under the full price will be taken during
the performance.

Miss Macklin had only acted *Jane Shore* twice, and *Lady Townly* once. The first night of Miss Macklin's *Jane Shore*, it was then a common observation, and by a few remembered to this hour, that Mrs. Cibber was that night really inspired with something more than mortal; she felt the god, and though her *Alicia* had always been looked upon as one of her very best characters, yet that night's performance she never equalled before or since. As the world is not over good natured, the cause was attributed to some offence at the rehearsal she conceived Mr. Macklin to have given her; therefore she determined, in revenge, to hurt Miss Macklin by her superiority, and cast all possibility of competitorship at a distance. I do not relate this as a fact, only from *Madam Hearsay*; but think there must have been something extraordinary in Mrs. Cibber's acting that night to have occasioned so many different reports.

Mr. Foote presented Mr. Macklin with his spick span new farce of the *Englishman in Paris*, for his benefit. The character of *Lucinda*, was drawn on purpose to introduce Miss Macklin to advantage, and prove to the town that Mr. Macklin had not spared any expence to render the education and accomplishments of his daughter worthy the notice of the public. Her dancing and music master were purposely introduced, to

prove her various excellencies. Mr. Macklin acted Buck.—In April it was buzzed, that Mr. Foote himself was to act Buck for Miss Macklin's benefit, which I believe he did on Tuesday the 24th of April, with a *new prologue*. But Mr. Foote was not seen and advertised as an actor, from the spring 1748, till at Drury-Lane in October and November 1753, five years, when Garrick wrote the prologue—a part of which I have inserted before, relative to a circumstance already mentioned, and here give the remainder.—

Among the matters that occasion prate;
 Even I sometimes am matter for debate.
 Whene'er my faults or follies are the question,
 Each draws his wit out, and begins dissection.
 Sir *Peter Primrose*, smirking o'er his tea,
 Sinks from himself and politicks, to me.
 Papers, boy!—Here, Sir! I am, what news to-day?
Foote, Sir, is advertised—what—run away!
 No, Sir, he acts this week at Drury-Lane.
 How's that! (cries *Feeble Grub*) Foote come again!
 I thought that fool had done his devil's dance;
 Was he not hang'd some months ago in France?
 Up starts *Machone*, and thus the room harangu'd;
 'Tis true, his friends gave out that he was hang'd;
 But to be sure, 'twas all a hum, because
 I have seen him since, and after such disgrace,
 No gentleman would dare to shew his face.

To him reply'd a sneering bonny Scot;
 You rasin reet, my frynd, haung'd he was not,
 But neither you nor I caun tell how soon he'll gaung
 to pot. }

Thus each, as fancy drives, his wit displays,
 Such is the tax each son of Folly pays.
 On this my scheme they many names bestow,
 'Tis fame, 'tis pride, nay worse—the pocket's low.
 I own I've pride, ambition, vanity, }
 And what's more strange, perhaps, you'll see
 Tho' not so great a portion of it—modesty.
 For you I'll curb each self-sufficient thought,
 And kiss the rod, whene'er you point a fault.
 Many my passions are, tho' one my view,
 'They all concentre, in the pleasing you.

I must here note, that Mr. Foote's first imitations of the actors was only on his first appearing on the Hay-market stage.—After that flourish he had a very genteel fortune left him in 1748, and his gaiety of disposition and thoughtlessness was such as to suppose the stage was not worthy of attention, and he did not imagine it was ever more to be his destined lot; till that fortune by being expended obliged him, from craving necessity, to bethink himself and return.

Mr. Foote was descended from a family of distinction in Devonshire, a Sir John Goodeere; but as I have not knowledge of heraldry, and know not all the particulars, will only mention

that was the name of the respectable family to whom he by right claimed relationship. He was introduced in every respect into the world with a fortune which his volatility soon expended, and was universally known and received as a gentleman in every party, where he was espoused, caressed, and connected: he soon proved himself a spendthrift, and was truly in character as "The Englishman returned from Paris."

In this year, September 1753, Miss Macklin was regularly engaged as an actress at Drury-Lane, and Mr. Macklin took his farewell of the public in the following epilogue, (as a veteran actor, thirty-seven years since) Dec. 1753.

MR. MACKLIN'S FAREWELL EPILOGUE.

Poor I, tofs'd up and down from shore to shore,
 Sick, wet, and weary, will to sea no more;
 Yet 'tis some comfort, tho' I quit the trade,
 That this last voyage with success is made,
 The ship full laden, and the freight all paid.
 Since then for reasons I the stage give o'er,
 And for your sakes—write tragedies no more:
 Some other schemes, of course, possess my brain,
 For he who once has eat—must eat again.
 And lest this lank, this melancholy phiz,
 Should grow more lank, more dismal than it is;
 A scheme I have in hand will make you stare!
 Tho' off the stage I still must be the play'r.

Still must I follow the theatric plan,
 Exert my comic pow'rs, draw all I can,
 And to each guest appear a diff'rent man.
 I (like my liquors) must each palate hit,
 Rake with the wild, be sober with the cit,
 Nay sometimes act my least becoming part—the wit.
 With politicians I must nod—seem full—
 And act my best becoming part—the dull.
 My plan is this—man's form'd a social creature,
 Requiring converse by the laws of nature;
 And as the moon can raise the swelling flood,
 Or as the mind is influenc'd by the blood,
 So—Do I make myself well understood?
 I'm puzzled faith—let us like BAYES agree it,
 You'll know my plot much better when you see it.

But truce with jesting, let me now impart
 The warm o'erflowings of a grateful heart;
 Come good, come bad, while life or mem'ry last,
 My mind shall treasure up your favours past;
 And might one added boon increase the store,
 With much less sorrow should I quit this shore;
 To mine, as you have been to me, prove kind,
 Protect the pledge my fondness leaves behind.
 To you her guardians, I resign my care,
 Let her with others your indulgence share;
 Whate'er MY fate; if this my wish prevails,
 'Twill glad the FATHER, tho' the SCHEMIST fails.

Mr. Macklin performed that very night in the
 Refusal, or the Ladies Philosophy, Sir Gilbert
 Wrangle; Lady Wrangle, Mrs. Macklin; and
 Charlotte, Miss Macklin: The entertainment was
 the Englishman in Paris.

In a few years he returned to the stage, his tavern and coffee-room having embarrassed, not made his fortune. And this very Mr. Macklin, in February 1789, performed at Covent Garden theatre, Shylock and Sir Archy M'Sarcasm, on one and the same night, aged ninety; also in the same year, Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant, in the Man of the World; which part is not less, according to our theatrical lingo, than thirty-six lengths — each length should be forty-four lines, including the cues. I am more induced to introduce this remarkable circumstance here, as it is in some degree affinitive to my narration relative to Mr. Foote and myself, and marks in time and place Mr. Macklin as the wonder of our theatrical hemisphere, whom we now find again on the boards, thirty-seven years after he had taken his farewell of the stage.

That excellent performer, and undoubted good stage preceptor of unbounded credit, for the honour and reputation of the fraternity, has shewn and proved in a full court of justice, and asserted the proper rights and privileges of an actor, as an Englishman, and has not only relieved the oppressed performer's mind, when overpowered by injustice and calumny, but made himself rise, not only in a distinguished light as an asserter of natural liberty, but elevated him in a much superior

degree when possessed of retribution for wrongs and associated villainy combined against him; and proved to mankind, that he never forgot his master Shakspeare, who says,

That man shews likest God,
When mercy seasons justice.

For though his damages granted were great, and would have nearly ruined his oppressors, yet he was content with victory, and, like a true conqueror, established his rights by an act of clemency, and freely forgave all claim to the spoils he had been allowed.

Least it should not be known to what I allude, I refer to Mr. Macklin's trial of a combined riot to prevent his ever playing again. Mr. Macklin pleaded as his own counsel, and Lord Mansfield declared on the bench, that Mr. Macklin, though an excellent player, had never acted his part so well as on that day:—Therefore let every performer reverence him and his name; and may he ever be in their flowing cups remembered, and not forget at the same time, that this honour to the profession took his leave of the public as mentioned, but returned in a few years, wrote *Love A-la-Mode*, *Man of the World*, &c. pieces of sterling worth, and was this year, 1789, acting in play and farce.—Sure he has laboured hard in the

vineyard, and pray God he may descend peacefully and happily to his grave. If any players are blessed with being holy spirits, sure they will all hail his relief from this temporary abode of toil and sorrow.

Mr. Foote's benefit, though he was disappointed of his farce of the Author, was, it is true, very beneficial; but his career was stopped, and our Diversions of the Morning, though it had afforded good dinners, suppers, &c. for several weeks, would not any longer produce even tea for breakfast, particularly on a sharing plan; as like most things in this world, it had had its day; and Foote could only *reflect* on his own lines in that very farce, where Crambo repeats,

——O what a Lord Mayor's feast of joy art thou!
Thy face is venison, and thy neck white veal;
And all thy other parts are beef and pudding.——

For says Foote, (as Mr. Puzzle) a poet should always make comparisons on those things he likes best. So Mr. Foote, the poet, had, by the approach of January, with perfect ease squandered away all the profits which arose from our diversions, and as easily the massy sum of his benefit night; so all the extravagant rarities which he had enjoyed in November and December, were, in a comparative view, to be devoured by a real good

stomach, by imagination, with fancied delicacies, like his own poet Mr. Crambo; and Mr. Foote therefore in earnest felt the January blasts, which cut him through and through.

A single joint of mutton was his fare, of which I often partook, and he generally had one or two to dine with him; but humble port and Lisbon were the only wines at dinner—no claret or Madeira, for the credit had wained with the pocket—He never could work till his genius was put to its wits end. Poets are generally mentioned as poor, and too frequently are so; but I guess they have one particular advantage, which other people when the shoe pinches do not enjoy; for like the bear, that when in want of food finds sustenance from sucking his paws,—so the poet, when in want of luxuries, feeds on his own thoughts, which luckily are never so bright or come to his aid with equal swiftness of thought and fiery flights of fancy as when destitute of the good things of this world; he then needs not Mr. Bayes's recipe of stewed prunes, or to physick and let blood to purge the belly. I must allow myself at that time much obliged to his good breeding, as he ever seemed glad to see me at his table, and seemed to study to make that table agreeable; and indeed he never shewed himself to more advantage than when making his guests welcome, as he seemed the gene-

rous, hospitable, cheerful, and sincere friend of every person who partook of his fare, which was always of the best, whenever the best could with convenience be procured.

He was soon after his benefit in such a state of poverty, that all parties at the Thatched House, Bedford Arms, &c. were obliged to be given up. He appeared vexed whenever I was indispensably engaged, unless indeed he could get much better company, such as Mr. Murphy or Mr. Macklin, but they were not always to be had, nor were they ever hand and glove; for whenever Macklin and he had a tiff, though I believe Mr. Foote might be the aggressor, yet Mr. Macklin on such broileries would treat him, not only very cavalierly, but very roughly.

At the time my company was so welcome, many happy laughing evenings have I had in James-street with himself, Messrs. Murphy, and Macklin; often as the circling glass went round and warmed my vain heart, Mr. Murphy and Mr. Macklin would communicate their intentions of proceeding on a play or farce, or some lucky thought; Foote got all the information he could, and, like Mr. Bayes, pop! he clapped it down and made it his own.

Mr. Murphy had particularly tried how far Mr. Foote was worthy to be trusted; for in 1753,

when Mr. Foote's Englishman in Paris was acted, he approved of it so much, that like Sir John Vanbrugh, who relished Cibber's *Love's Last Shift*, and his good acting of *Sir Novelty Fashion*, in complement to Cibber's merit, both as author and actor, he wrote the *Relapse, or Virtue in Danger*, as a sequel to *Love's Last Shift*, and created *Sir Novelty Fashion* a peer of the realm, under the title of *Lord Foppington*:—So Mr. Murphy, pleased with the Englishman in Paris, paid the same compliment to his intimate friend Mr. Foote, and set about writing a sequel to his piece.

Mr. Murphy made his first appearance as an actor at Covent Garden theatre on Friday the 18th of October, 1754, in the character of Othello—went over to Drury-Lane in September 1755, and on Saturday, September 20, played Osmyrn in the *Mourning Bride*—produced his new farce of the *Apprentice* on Friday, January 2, 1756. He had in the summer of 1755 finished his farce called, *The Englishman returned from Paris*, being a sequel to Mr. Foote's *Englishman in Paris*; of which he having informed Mr. Foote, it caused his genius immediately to set to work and finish a farce in two acts on the same plan, and with which he suddenly surprised Mr. Murphy, (while his farce of the *Apprentice* was acting with much good fortune at its heels at Drury-Lane) by hav-

ing a new farce in two acts, called *The Englishman returned from Paris*, in rehearsal at Covent-Garden, and he had it acted for the first time on Tuesday, February 3, 1756. Mr. Murphy was much chagrined and justly offended with Mr. Foote's duplicity on this occasion. The reception Mr. Foote's piece obtained at Covent Garden was such as to preclude Mr. Murphy from all thoughts of gain by an offer of his farce at Drury-Lane, not only by its success at the opposite theatre, but by Mr. Foote's being a thorough judge of the subject from his frequent trips to Paris; Mr. Murphy therefore contented himself with bringing out his *Englishman returned from Paris* at his benefit, with an occasional prologue, on Saturday, April the 3d, which Mr. Murphy spoke himself, and in some humorous lines was very severe on his friend Samuel; but Sam had got the money, and it disturbed him not. In the farce, as well as I can recollect from so long a date, and my seeing it once, (the only time it was ever acted) I remember some doubt was made as to the identity of Sir Charles Buck from Paris, as he had been announced to the public, and introduced for a considerable time. "O! yes," replied Sir Charles, "you have had an impostor in town, who, with much easy familiarity and assurance, has stolen my writings, &c. and not only robbed me, but has also

impudently dared to assume my name ; but I am the true Sir Charles Buck. This occasioned a great roar, the only one I remember to have heard during the farce, unless to Mrs. Clive.

As January 1759 had pinched, so February, instead of being more calm and quiet, made the air of Covent Garden far from being softened ; for it nipt the wit with increasing severity. Foote therefore, as a resource, wrote to the manager at Edinburgh.—Callender (as near as I can remember) was the name of that commander ; the theatre at that time in Scotland was only a smuggling vessel, but now it is enlarged and dubbed a royal man of war. Mr. Callender wrote Mr. Foote word, that himself and his company would be proud of his assistance for a few nights, and assured him it was a compliment.

At that time birds of passage from London to Scotland were experiments unknown—for it was judged impossible for a London theatrical sunflower to survive the chillness of such a barbarous northern clime ; but opinions and experience, which make fools wise, have proved it to be not only a happy asylum, but as fine a hot-house for the preservation, and as good a nursery for rare and delicate theatrical plants as ever those of Drury-Lane and Covent Garden could at any time produce, in spite of the advantages that Co-

vent Garden possesses, and is undoubtedly a well-supplied market for all our *wants* and *wishes*.

Foote at Edinburgh (to use M'Ruthen's words) was *quite a phænomenon*:—Every one in London stared at his strange disposition, to adventure from the metropolis of England, a journey of four hundred miles to Edinburgh; and wondered that an actor of eminence should venture to a place, where at that time a sixty pounds benefit was a treasure. But that is no more surprizing at this juncture, than to mention that the facetious Captain Farquhar, only eighty years ago at Dublin, had 100*l.* which was then thought to be an enormous sum.

And my different accounts only verify the same degree of increase of receipts at Dublin; but then the public, when they recollect how well performers lived thirty years ago on less incomes than they now have, are too apt to forget the difference there now is in the price of lodgings, coals, candles, meat and drink, and in short in every article of life, as well as the very expensive ornaments for the stage, with the very material article of hair-dressing.

Edinburgh, where Mr. Foote first pointed out the road for Londoners to make excursions to, has made the most rapid strides in arts, elegance, and luxury, of any place in the three kingdoms.

Dublin, though wonderfully improved, was, thirty-two years ago, a noble, populous, and extensive city—Edinburgh was not, but it now really is; and, for my own part, common honesty and honour compels me to remember I have often gone thither and often returned, and never had to re-cross the Tweed again for Scotland but my heart felt a secret pleasure at the thought of visiting once more those whose attachments had been lasting, and not vanished like the vapours of a day.

Mr. Foote's trip to the North answered much better than was expected; the stage at that time being a place of resort in Edinburgh only for such independent persons as dared to judge for themselves, and venture into that seat of profanation.

It was but in the year 1756 the Rev. Mr. Home was so dissolute as to bring out his tragedy of Douglas in the Edinburgh old theatre in the Canon-gate; for which heinous offence the elders of the kirk doomed him to banishment and excommunication for writing and bringing on a public stage a piece to be exhibited by play actors in Satan's tabernacle. This bigotry has worn off; and as extremes are often the subsequent consequence, I believe Edinburgh may vie with its neighbours in having many persons not too much troubled with attending those duties of religion, for which that city once boasted in a violent degree of enthusiasm.

Footo, when he received Callender's invitation, talked as familiarly of setting off as if he had been only going to Drury-Lane theatre, where the boxes were open to him; but on his preparation for his Scotch journey, when his hand went into his pocket, it soon reminded him there wanted the needful, both for going abroad or staying at home.—“Well,” says he, “This Scotch experiment must be tried, but where's the means? Damn it, I must solicit that hound Garrick!”—He immediately did, and Garrick lent him 100l. But then he lent it *like* Mr. Garrick: for, tho' he chose to grant the favour to Mr. Footo, yet he could not omit his love of parade on the occasion; for when he said *yes*, he did not do it generously and genteely, for fear the world should not know it, but told Mr. Footo he would see Pritchard at noon, and he (Mr. Footo) might draw on him in the evening for the sum, and leave his note of acknowledgment for the same. Footo did not relish the humiliating situation to appear before the playhouse treasurer, as if requesting a boon from his master, nor could he ask any gentleman of his acquaintance to transact the business for him, as thereby he must betray his poverty. He did not approve of sending his servant; and as each of these modes seemed to lessen his consequence, he at last determined to apply to me—with, “My

dear Wilkinfon!" and "Do, my good friend, let me employ you on this difficult matter;" to which I readily agreed,—took his note to Drury-Lane Treasury-Office, which after due examination passed current; for I received the cash and soon returned with it to Mr. Foote, which gave him such spirits, that all his cares were over, and it seemed a moot point with him, whether he should continue in London and spend the money, or undertake the journey in search of more; but for a wonder, prudence once prevailed, and the chaise was ordered to be ready in the morning, and he accordingly set off for canny Edinburgh: On the evening he received the cash, he not only feasted with Mr. Garrick's money, but by way of returning thanks, told more ludicrous stories of him than at any other time I ever recollect. He ridiculed him much as a poet, and said "David's verses were so bad, (and Garrick so fond of writing) that if he died first, he dreaded the thoughts of his composing his epitaph." This satire was whimsical and highly diverting; but certainly not doing Garrick justice, as the public and the stage are indebted to him for several pieces of great merit; and if he has not left sufficient fame to stand as one of the first of the English poets, yet he is above mediocrity, and is surely to be placed far superior to the worst; but

wits must be forgiven for such little fallies.— When Mr. Foote was gone, I passed the remainder of the winter very happily with my friends, who, abstracted from the theatre, were increased and increasing, and I wished them not to be diminished: My lady mother, thank God, by my means, was to the full as happy, and as well accommodated as myself.

From the time of Mr. Foote's benefit and his departure from London, I never had any intercourse with King David: But I have omitted to mention, that on the evening of Mr. Foote's leaving his lodgings in James's-street, and on my wishing him a profitable, pleasant, and safe journey, I requested the favour of his performance on my benefit night, which could not according to my rank of salary happen till after his return from Scotland, which I supposed would be in about six weeks: I thought I was not only entitled, but had a right by my services to him, both in London and Dublin, to expect my requested favour would be granted as soon as asked; and indeed I wondered he had not prevented my asking him, by first offering me such a compliment, which in truth he assured me was his intention and his wish, and complied with it as a pleasure to himself, if he could by such a trifling trouble be of the least service to me, for whom he

had such a real and respectful regard, and added to it, that he promised me all his interest for my boxes, which declaration sent me home perfectly easy and happy: and here for a time the matter rested, as I was entirely assured and satisfied with what he had professed; but I was yet to learn—that words are but wind—ships are but boards—and men are but men.

Soon after Mr. Foote's departure, I was engaged on a party one evening at the Bedford-Head Tavern, Southampton-street, which consisted of Colonel Thornton, Colonel Boden, a Captain S—— in the sea-service, myself, and others; after the hour of two the company thinned by degrees till only Colonel Thornton and myself remained, when in about ten minutes a waiter entered precipitately, and said, "Mr. Wilkinson was wanted on urgent business:" I could not conceive what matter of moment could require my attendance at so late an hour; but instantly obeyed the summons, and was introduced into a parlour, where I found Captain S—— surrounded by waiters and the host. After a motion to enjoin strict silence, and requesting above all things, that Col. Thornton should not know of the circumstance, Capt. S—— informed me the doors were surrounded by bailiffs who had a writ against him, and he therefore earnestly desired I would exchange my clothes for

his uniform—a chair should be called, the curtains drawn, and the waiters to order loudly the chairmen in the passage to carry the gentleman as quick as possible to the George Inn, Drury-Lane. I agreed, ran up stairs, took leave of the Colonel, and informed him a singular circumstance had occurred which I was bound in honour not to reveal; and I kept to my word, returned to Captain S—, and equipped myself in an officer-like manner, and was, as if by stealth and secrecy, conveyed in the sedan with much speed till the men set down their burthen at the George Inn: I then let down the window, and bid the chairman ring the bell; on his performing that office, a large fisted bailiff quickly supplied his place, and proclaimed me his prisoner: assurances that he was wrong were in vain, for he persisted in his assertion, till I actually told him the matter of fact, knowing Captain S— had made good use of his time and safely escaped; the bailiff swore like thunder, I coolly told him, if he was not perfectly satisfied with the justifiable mode I had taken to serve a friend—if he wanted more information, he must follow the chair to my lodgings in Half-Moon-Street, to which residence I ordered the chairmen to proceed immediately; the bailiffs did not choose to follow, but went in fruitless search of their prey, and I retired to rest,

well pleased with the event: In consequence of this, Capt. S——, the night before a stranger, continued an intimacy and friendship with me for some years.

March soon made its yearly visit, and, on the approach of April, it hinted to me it was high time to make the necessary appearance before my Master Garrick, and humbly to inquire, with all submissive duty and awful respect, when my benefit was to be fixed? (A matter that yearly makes wonderful uneasiness in many male and female breasts on their annual expectations, as the event of benefit causes the passions alternately of hope, fear, envy, joy, distress, exultation, despondency, &c. &c. to take place, and raise whirlwinds in their brain.) My article this year, to a certainty, gave me the power and right to ask such a question; but Mr. Garrick as usual answered, “Why now, that is, why!—Hey, Cross, and be d——d to you!—Hey, why now, that is—and I really do not see, how that you, young Wilkinson, can be able, that is to say, or for you to presume to pay the expences of a benefit?—It now really is, and so does *Mrs. Garrick* think, an enormous expence; and I do not see:—But indeed with a partner I will consent to it—but not otherwise on any account.”—However my former fears (like *Mrs. Cowley’s* first feelings) were gone

long ago, and I, like an audacious rebel, persisted in my right of article to such claim, and said I would abide by the test of that article; and if he persevered in a refusal, I would get the Crown and Anchor, or some other large public room, and try to make a benefit for myself. He said he was truly astonished at my behaviour; it was so strange, so rude!—But really, if I would continue in error, why he did not see, &c.—and at last, with as many delays, as is too often experienced by dependence upon independence, he with affected regard and pity, and a threat of consequences from his future anger, consented to fix it; but it was not to be till Monday, May the 14th, 1759.—I took Othello.

OTHELLO, by Mr. WILKINSON.

WITH

THE DIVERSIONS OF THE MORNING.

At the same time assuring him, that Mr. Foote would play for me. As to Mr. Foote's acting for me, I really thought it a duty, as well as a debt of honour.

Mr. Foote came to town in a few days; and in my bills and advertisements were published both play and farce, but luckily (as it proved) I had not inserted Mr. Foote's name. I called to see him,

and had reason to believe he was denied: I called a second time, and was then admitted; I congratulated him on his return, and informed him of my reliance on his fulfilling his promise by performing for my benefit, which was to be on the 14th of May; and on that full dependence I had advertised the Diversions of the Morning, and had the pleasure to inform him my boxes were all taken. Foote, after coughing and taking a quantity of snuff, and plucking his chin with tweezers, a constant habit of his in private life; at length coolly replied, "That as a young man he wished me success in the world; but was hurt to observe, the publishing his farce was an unwarrantable freedom. His health was very indifferent, and would not permit his assisting me at my benefit. The infinite services and favours he had conferred on me, by introducing me to the public notice of the London and Dublin audiences, were a full or more than an equal compensation, for such trifling, immaterial assistance as I had given him, or that my vanity might have supposed to have added to the success of his piece, by performing in it." Then again added, "He was not well, and besides he had letters of consequence to despatch, and no time to trifle away, therefore must wish me a good-morning." I was truly astonished, as may be easily supposed, at such an

unexpected, mean, despicable behaviour ! It was ingratitude in every sense of the word.

The reader will recollect what a winter of confusion and turbulence I had undergone.—The money I had certainly drawn by the sweat of my brow. He had feasted on my labour, and had lived in clover, while I was merely buffeted from pillar to post. I desired he would not by any means neglect his health or his letters of consequence, for that I not only took my leave of him for that day, but was determined never more to trouble him with a second visit : However, to try him further, I said, as the farce was advertised, my loss would be irreparable if not performed, and hoped he would not add additional cruelty by inflicting a punishment unmerited, by the refusal of the copy of his farce. He sternly replied, indeed he should ; he had a reputation to lose, and would not hazard the representation of any piece of his not printed, to be mutilated, spoiled, and condemned by my ignorant bungling. Here the visit ended, and I left him most truly with an honest contempt, and said to him, when at the door, “ Farewell Mr. Foote ! ” and determined never more to renew our acquaintance.

In this dilemma some management was necessary how to cook up my bill-of-fare, as the 14th of May required strength to make the night

fashionable; my best and only resource seemed to be the waiting on Mr. Garrick, and entreating the favour of his hearing the relation of my wrongs, as I could not think of any expedient for relief, unless he would for once advise and assist me: This intention I put into instant practice; and Mr. Garrick received my tale of ill-treatment with more attention and good nature than I could possibly have expected from our long distance and quarrels. In fact he inwardly rejoiced at the destroying my connection with Foote, as he thought that, together, we were two mischievous devils, and capable of giving him great uneasiness. He stepped forward and said, "Well, Tate, (O, thought I, if it is *well*, Tate, all will be right) you will now be convinced of your error in offending me; and you will learn in future, I hope, to distinguish between your real friends and your professional ones." I thanked him, and urged my wish for the continuance of the farce, (and which I had long in secret secured, it was correctly wrote out for me by Mr. Brownsmith, under prompter to Mr. Cross, of that theatre.) "Why now," says Garrick, "that is, if you have a true copy; why, but what would you do with it for want of Foote's characters being supplied." "O," says I, "do not fear that, Sir, for I mean to do them myself; and in those cha-

ractions, I will make such an example of *good* Mr. Foote, by fair imitation, as shall cause him to remember giving Tea as long as he lives."

Garrick's eyes sparkled with pleasure, and betrayed a satisfaction he wished to conceal. He inwardly hated Foote (and not altogether without reason); he wished to frown, but with all his ingenuity and cunning he was not an actor equal to the task, for he could not hold back any longer his consent, and said he was really unhappy at the ill usage I had received from "that Foote." Foote owed me a recompence for my great services; but if I had lost a false friend, I should find in him a true one; but he must observe, that he expected I would not make a bad use of his kindness, but plant my mimicry against Foote alone, as he was a proper object, and he wished every success to my benefit and performance: Nay, he was so generous, that he insisted on a bottle of wine being brought and after the second glass, he asked me if I would drink any more? but carefully at the same time put the cork into the bottle: "No more, Sir." Nay he was so generous on that occasion as to give me a neat new edition of *Othello*, worth one shilling and sixpence, which I have to this day preserved, and have piously transmitted it to my son. When parting with him he assured me, that he was so much hurt at the ill-treat-

ment I had received from Foote, that he never would make any future agreement with him: which, though merely words to please me on our reconciliation, were prophetic; as from that season it was not until the Minor happened to succeed, two years after, that Mr. Foote acted by engagement with Mr. Garrick: a long time, when we consider Garrick had spoken——

As heroes, states, and kingdoms rise and fall:
 So—(with the mighty to compare the small—)
 Thro' int'rest, whim, or if you please thro' fate,
 We feel commotions in our mimic state;
 The sock and buskin fly from stage to stage;
 A year's alliance is with us—an age!
 And where's the wonder? All surprise must cease }
 When we reflect, how int'rest, or caprice, }
 Make real kings break *articles of peace*.

I promised him not to introduce any mimicry that might tend to the least likeness whatever of the performers of either theatre; and reflection, and a little experience, soon convinced me it was necessary to act with every caution, and to sacrifice a little applause to the prospect of hereafter obtaining substantial prosperity.

The wished-for night arrived; a splendid and a crowded house.—Lady Granard, Lady Tyrawly, Sir Francis Delaval, the Duke of Portland, the Captains Dives's, the Hanways, Mrs. Jones Skel-

ton, &c. &c. had secured all my boxes. My acquaintance, with such particular interest, aided by public curiosity, a full theatre cannot be a matter of great surprise to relate.

Othello being the first character I had attempted in London, alarmed me much, particularly as the name of my mimicry had lessened all hopes of my being an actor in proportion as that reputation arose, for every idea had been well circulated with indefatigable pains by the several families of the Sneers, the Blandishes, and the Candours. In the collaring scene, in act the third, I not only received repeated plaudits, but even a huzza!—Yet what was really extraordinary I sunk again into a languor and stupid sameness, which never was or yet has been one of my faults in the long catalogue, and that I should be so stupidly dull and awkward with a crowd of friends is surprising! Indeed the only reason I can even now suggest, was my heart and soul being so taken up with my public and dangerous attack on Mr. Foote, and that by undertaking a long and fatiguing character, with the almost certainty of chill and cold to fix an instant hoarseness, which I have generally found to be the case after playing a Moorish part. This should still be a lesson for young and old performers never to run such a hazardous trial, by attempting too much in search of fame;

for by those means they let slip the ball they might with caution catch. I had not only, when heated, the black to remove from my neck and face by repeated attempts with cold pomatum and great plenty of water and soap to scour them clean, but twice after to dress from top to toe—first as Lady Pentweazle—then as Mr. Foote in the second act of the farce: But youth with good spirits, accompanied with applause, can do wonders.

My Lady Pentweazle went off with every success my most sanguine hopes could wish for; but when I came on in the very dress Foote had worn, and as Mr. Foote, the audience seemed actually astonished; and, from that point being gained, I really was for the remainder of the evening persuaded by the height of fancy that *I was Mr. Foote*. I gave all the particulars he had done, with the imitation of his puppets, and a new Italian burletta of my own composing, in the manner of the favourite burletta-singers then at the Opera House; and what most highly pleased, was the conversation scene between Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader, as Mr. Foote and Mrs. Clive, which cheered the audience, as they had not seen it for two years: Peals of laughter attended the performance, and, I may add, shouts of applause to all my strokes on Mr. Foote.

When the curtain dropped great congratulations followed, with such heart-felt satisfaction to myself, as made me judge, like Shift in the Minor, that "*thinking myself* pretty near equal to my master, I made him one of his own bows, and set up for myself."—But more of that speech will occur in its proper place, as he wrote Shift as a satirical level—a cap to fit me—which cap turned out the richest I ever wore, and entirely at my master Foote's expence.

My friend Joseph Austin's benefit was to be on the Wednesday following, May the 16th, the Fair Quaker of Deal, and the farce of the Apprentice, in which farce he had desired me to perform a new scene: the Apprentice, (the first time) Mr. Austin: But the wonderful reception of my farce on the Monday occasioned him to alter his intentions, and desired me to repeat the same for him, which I was in true regard bound to promise and perform. When Garrick came to the theatre on the Tuesday morning, (for he had kept out of the way for fear of my d——d tricks he said) Mr. Austin was there and informed him of the particulars of the Monday. Mr. Austin said, that he greatly enjoyed all Wilkinson's strokes upon Foote. Garrick then pretending to be angry said, "Now, why Austin, now what d——d tricks has this friend Tate of your's been at?"

well, and now you want him to be at his tricks again on Wednesday next? Well now, really, Austin I will have no more to do with these d——d exotics:—But you say he really trimmed Foote well! ha! ha! ha!” In the midst of this cheerful scene came a letter from the Lord Chamberlain, couched in severe terms for Mr. Wilkinsons taking the liberty on Monday night to restore and act a scene from the Author, which had been prohibited; it had given great offence to Mr. and Mrs. Aprice, and therefore it was expected no such rude infringement should be again repeated. Mr. Garrick was now really angry at being called to an account for my breach of his theatric laws, but I had thought it vastly clever, as it supplied that part where my imitations of the performers were usually given. Mr. Austin brought me the intelligence, but it chagrined me much; for as I had executed that part so well, it was taking a principal feather from my gaudy newly-acquired plume: however, high authority had laid its weighty commands, and I was obliged, though much against my will, to submit.

The farce was nevertheless acted, but with the Lord Chamberlain’s cruel lopping off a principal limb; it went off vastly well, but not with such acclamations as on my own night; for indeed, not having had time to prepare a substitute to supply

the vacancy, was a severe stroke on my performance.

On my benefit I was favoured with many presents, which made my profit still more lucrative.— Ten guineas from the Hon. Miss Foley, (Lord Foley's sister) was presented me by Mrs. Wardle, and a genteel douceur from herself, who had an upper box and filled it. Flushed with this good fortune we were as happy a mother and son as the kingdom could boast.

The theatre closed in about fourteen days after my benefit, and I began to prepare for my summer campaign, which was once more destined for Portsmouth, the war still continuing.

But in consequence of some pique which had happened on my playing all the principal parts the year before, several had taken it so much in dud-geon that a great desertion ensued. The hero, Mr. Cook (alias Gentleman) who, though very lame and in years, had been the stock Romeo, Mr. Gates, Mrs. Price, (who was afterwards married to Mr. Parsons) Mrs. Mozeen, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzmaurice, all had invited themselves on a jolly party for Scotland, where they had removed the winter before, and were fixed for some time in the Edinburgh company of comedians, and were there when Mr. Foote paid his first vi-

fit; as I believe was Mr. James Aikin, for I heard Mr. Foote, on his return from that place, speak very highly of that gentleman; and I think it was that year.

This desertion of the Portsmouth troops made recruits quite necessary, for which supply old Mr. Kennedy, the commander, wrote to me and appointed me agent; for my acquaintance and friends were so powerful at Portsmouth as to make my assistance absolutely necessary to their taking the field with safety, or any hopes of success. Instead of engaging one tragedy queen, I enlisted two, which did not turn out to my satisfaction, as a Mrs. Daly was there, whom I had created empress the summer before, which rendered it next impossible for me to please all the three. From Bath I got my good friend Miss Morrison; from London a Miss Kitty White: Miss Kitty married a young man of the name of Burden the season I am mentioning; so she got blessed with a husband by my means.

Mrs. White, the mother, was a most extraordinary character, and worthy of record; far from wanting sense and observation, she was quick, lively, cunning, and sagacious, but had passions that outstripped the wind, yet good-natured at times: All this variety, as differently tuned for

good or ill temper, was aided by the finest slip-slop collection of words imaginable, that made her in truth, not only to myself, but to many others, an inexhaustible fund of entertainment, and she was to me beyond compare the most diverting old lady I ever met with. Whenever Burden, her son-in-law, gave offence, which was almost perpetually, she used thus to harangue her daughter, "Ma'am, you have married a feller beneath you—you played Lucy last night in the Minor better than Mrs. Cibber could have done upon my sould, and yet this scoundrol would hurt such a devine cretur!" "True, mama," replied her daughter, "but suppose he should in despair and rage cut his throat?" "Cut his throat! let him cut his throat and go to the devil; but he won't cut his throat, no such good luck. But I'll tell you what ma'am, if you contradict me I'll fell you at my feet, and trample over your *corse* ma'am, for you are a limb, ma'am; your father on his death-bed told me you were a limb.——You are pure as *ermind*, ma'am, except with Sir Francis *Dolvol*, and you shan't live with your husband, ma'am; you have no business, ma'am to live with your husband; the first women of quality, ma'am, don't live with their husbands, ma'am.—Does Mrs. Elmy live with her husband? No, ma'am.—Does Mrs. Clive

live with her husband? No, ma'am.—Does Mrs. Cibber live with her husband? No, ma'am.—So now, ma'am, you see the best women of *fashion*'d upon yearth don't live with their husbands, ma'am."—And thus concluded one of this good lady's harangues.—Another I must insert from Mrs. Bellamy's life, but which being my own, I may without any injustice claim, and put it in its proper place.

Miss K. White was a pupil of Mr. Rich's, and, during her initiation, Mr. O'Brien, of Drury-Lane theatre, gave her some instructions how to perform with propriety the character of Sylvia in the Recruiting Officer.—One day, as he was thus employed, observing that the lady misconceived his directions, and repeated a passage very improperly, he told her she ought to consider that the part she was speaking was a *parenthesis*, and required a different tone of voice, and a greater degree of volubility, than the rest of the sentence. "A parenthesis!" said Miss White, "what's that?"—Mrs. White, who happened to be present, hearing this question of her daughter's, and blushing that she should thus betray her ignorance, instantly broke out into the following polite and sensible exclamation:—"O! what an infernal limb of an actress will you make! What,

not know the meaning of *prentice*! Why, prentice, ma'am, is the plural number of prentices:—O! you'll make the devil of an actress."—In short, this old gentlewoman was the delight of myself and company, and to those in particular who knew her—and her acquaintance was not confined. She pleased me so much that I should tire the reader with the subject, and make him skip from page to page, so will leave my dear Mrs. White for the present, proceed to business, and introduce, at some future opportunity, that lady into good company.

With this young lady, Miss White, I safely arrived at Portsmouth, and soon sallied forth as Alexander, and appointed her my Statira. The brave Admiral Rodney was there, to whom I was much indebted for his generous, courteous, and genteel behaviour.

We opened on Wednesday the 20th of June, 1759, with the Provoked Husband; Lord Townly (with an occasional prologue) Mr. Wilkinson, and Manly by Mr. Moody—his first appearance on that stage. Here was my first acquaintance with my good friend Mr. Moody, to whom I have been often much obliged. I here beg leave to assure Mr. Moody I hold him in great regard, and shall never forget, but ever remember him with the highest pleasure and esteem.

Mr. Moody arrived at Portsmouth from Jamaica, and in his hand led from the lucky bark (that wafted him safe to England) a lady to whom he paid due attention, a Mrs. Osborne. She was a sensible woman, and had not lost time while abroad, as her waist was not one of the most slim. She made her appearance in the Mourning Bride; and though Osmyn pronounces in the third act that "She is still his bride, the mysterious rites delayed, nor has the Hymenial torch yet lighted up his last most grateful sacrifice;" which proves the meeting in the prison to have been the first after the marriage ceremony. But our Portsmouth Almeria was so clever, she evinced beyond doubt that she was pregnant in the fourth act; and in act the fifth she could not continue till her coronation, but she (the Mourning Bride) was obliged to be carried to her state-bed, where she was delivered of a brave chopping heir to Granada.

I called the next day to inquire after her health, and found the lady dressed and sitting at a table, perfectly well, shelling peas for her dinner. In a few days we had a merry christening; I was one godfather, and think my friend Moody was a godfather, or some kind of a father—which, he knows

best.—This short relation is strictly matter of fact.

Mr. Moody had, from his merit as an actor, and by assiduity as a man of inspection and knowledge, made that proper use of his time which every one should (but what few do) practice; he returned to England after having gained (and not squandered away, but secured) a property of consequence, and by proper attention has increased it in yearly service to the present day, and will prove Mr. Moody had an invaluable friend not only thirty years ago, but will stand the test to the last: I wish I had thought and acted as wisely as he has done.

Mr. Moody's O'Flaherty, and many principal comic characters have been, and are still, felt and acknowledged, and will be on theatrical record some years to come, and keep a remembrance for his tomb-stone to tell — WHOSE DUST LIES HERE — but I trust and hope, ere that time arrives, he will enjoy many happy days and years.

His being at Portsmouth secured him a lucky transplantation to London, that hot-bed of genius, which circumstance will presently occur.

I revived the play of Alexander, and performed several new characters, one of which was Skylock, (for my friend Moody's benefit) but without

knowing ten regular lines ;—also presented the Diversions of the Morning.

I had two clear benefits—the first was on Monday, July 9, Essex, Tea, (for I lived almost on my Tea) with the first night of the Guardian.—In the bills, *by desire*, pit and first gallery at the same price, and nothing under full price during the whole performance.

My attachment to my mother may be allowed laudable, and an apology for offering here and there, as occasion permits, the insertion of a few of her letters ;—most fathers and mothers will pardon me, as it proves the friendly intercourse there was betwixt us, and the cheerful and strong attachment of the partial mother.

London, July the 17th, 1759.

DEAR TATE,

“ Your’s on Monday the 9th, with all the un-
 “ lucky circumstances conspiring to hurt your
 “ night, gave me less pain, than the fight of your
 “ over and above long bill.—Too much indeed for
 “ the strength of any young man upon earth, and I
 “ do not look upon you as one of the stronger
 “ fort. I was so unhappy with the apprehensions
 “ of your being laid up in a fever from your vio-
 “ lent emotions, joined to the excessive heat of the
 “ season, that till your’s of yesterday I had no

“ peace of mind; it was dated the 13th, and
“ so I ought to have received it on Saturday. I
“ thank God for your health, and also the favour
“ of Providence in blessing you with so good suc-
“ cess in procuring the most necessary subsistence,
“ and comfortable supports of life. I with great
“ pleasure congratulate you upon the profits of your
“ benefit, and also upon the restoration of Mrs.
“ Strode from death to life; for I look upon her
“ as a most considerable friend to you, and shall
“ ever duly honour her as such, which I beg you
“ will tell her.

“ On Thursday last I went to Mrs. White’s,
“ to know if any letter from her daughter, but no
“ other than one dated the day before your bene-
“ fit; and as they are not within the proper district
“ of the general post, they are sometimes several
“ days neglected by the penny post, so that I de-
“ sire to have all yours directed to myself, as the
“ single line of *all is well* I shall always think most
“ richly worth the sum of threepence. From
“ this visit I could not get away without a pro-
“ mise to drink tea on Saturday, which, though
“ so hot I did not know how to bear, I went in
“ hopes of hearing of you; but though I was dis-
“ appointed in that, yet I cannot help owning the
“ old lady has so much spirit, and so much out of
“ the common way, that I was vastly entertained.

“ She now begins to fume about Mr. G——
“ trifling, after he had positively agreed to engage
“ her daughter. They had seen Mr. O——,
“ who seemed hurt at Mr. King’s being engaged,
“ and told them the master was about two more ;
“ the one a stranger, who was to play the Pro-
“ voked Husband at Richmond that night, and
“ that Mr. G—— and his lady talk of seeing
“ Portsmouth.

“ Your sweet monkey was sent home in disgrace
“ for getting into Lady Forbes’s bed, with several
“ other misdemeanors, so that I don’t know what
“ to do with the beastly he-creature.

“ Mrs. Townshend, talking about the shrimps,
“ says, that they are vastly fine and cheap at
“ Portsmouth, and will keep so as to come sweet ;
“ so that I would have you inquire the price of
“ two pair of fine soles, and, if reasonable,
“ also to Lady Forbes, Mrs. T. and Mrs. B. if
“ an opportunity offers, send them ; if not, when
“ you return will do as well.—My compliments
“ to the Rival Queens.

“ I am your most affectionate mother,

“ G. WILKINSON.”

On Monday, July 23, I acted Hamlet, Mr.
Moody the Grave-digger ; dancing by Mrs. Blake
(better known by the name of Miss Polly Dur-

ham). The farce was the Chaplet.—As I was paying attention, in the fifth act, to Mr. Moody's Grave-digger, Mr. Kennedy (the manager) plucked me by the sleeve, and said, "Mind what you do, for Mr. Garrick is in the pit!"—It rather alarmed me; but having time before my entrance to reconnoitre, and not finding any likeness I looked upon it as a joke; and not hearing from any person that he had been seen, and so well known, I went out to supper and staid late:—But the next morning, July 24, I was waked by a messenger from the Fountain Tavern, with Mr. Garrick's invitation to breakfast: I was of course astonished at such an unexpected visitant at Portsmouth, and wondered still more at the occasion, which in my hurried thoughts I could not devise. I instantly returned an answer that I would with pleasure wait on him; hastily equipped myself, and entered the room that great personage then graced, made my bow, and received a very hearty and friendly meeting. Here was a change!—The following thought occurred to me,

O world! thy slipp'ry turns, O world!
Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise,
Are still together; who twine, (as 'twere) in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,

On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity. So fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep,
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues.

On this wonderful greeting we were the most cordial, good, easy acquaintance that can be imagined: We chatted agreeably, for he seemed as pleased as I really was at this astonishing alteration.

After breakfast we walked on the ramparts, and then went to the dock-yards; he was in such good spirits that he ordered a bottle of hock to be made into a cool tankard, with balm, &c. It was at noon in the height of summer, and the heat was his excuse for so extraordinary a draught to him before dinner.

My reader may be certain that whenever Mr. Garrick chose to throw off acting and dignity, and was not surrounded by business to perplex him, he had it in his power to render himself a most pleasing, improving, and delightful companion.

Mr. Garrick's walking arm in arm with me, was an honour I dreamed not of. He congratulated me on being so great a favourite; and what, he said, was of much more service, the being so well acquainted with the leading people at that

place, of which, by inquiry, he soon heard all particulars ; told me, he was on a visit at Dr. Garney's, a gentleman of eminence who lived at Wickham, about eight miles from Portsmouth, to the left of Portsdown, once a physician, but had given over practising—his fortune being fully equal to ease and affluence. Mr. Garrick told me this visit had been for years promised, but not paid till now ; said, that Dr. Garney was an old and intimate friend, and he should be there seven or eight days : Mrs. Garrick was there, and had sent him as a messenger, with Dr. Garney's compliments and her commands to insist that I would fix my own day, and give them the pleasure of my company, which visit they would all return : So, Tate, says my kind Mr. Garrick, mind you are well provided, for we shall make it early in next week. This obliging invitation I gladly complied with, dressed in my best, and even of that he took notice, and said all was well except my buckles, which being (in the present fashion) large, and low on the instep, he observed were like a sailor's. I did not want for lace to make me a gentleman—not absurd then—but such a figure now would be laughed at as it passed along.

Mr. Garrick received me at the Doctor's more like his son than merely a common acquaintance, to whom he meant only to be civil and well-bred :

Nor was Mrs. Garrick a jot less kind ; she scorned to be ontone in courtesy, and met me with all that apparent regard as if a beloved relation had just arrived from the East-Indies. She was in truth a most elegant woman :—grace was in her step.—I was introduced to Dr. Garney, his lady, and son, and after that to company who were quite strangers to me. They appeared just like what were their universal well-known character, every thing that was good, with power and will to render their pleasant mansion a happy resort for their acquaintance ; the situation was a little paradise in every respect that art and nature could contribute to make so ; it appeared to me to much advantage, as the four immediate miles from Portsmouth till you reach Hilsey barracks, the country is very indifferent, very dreary, and all confined, for those four miles are regular fortifications, ditches with draw-bridges, &c. ; so that if it was not for the ramparts next the sea, with that beautiful prospect of the Isle of Wight, the ocean, and the shipping, Portsmouth would be a very disagreeable situation. In short, much as I liked that residence I never could approve of it as a pleasant summer retreat, the ramparts being the only good walk, and those so exposed to the sun and reflection from the water, that it made the evening intolerable ; nor has there been a possibility I fancy, from the

last time I was there, to have formed such a comfortable resource as that of a cool and pleasant walk : Though when once arrived on Portsdown, ample amends is made to those who are on horseback or in a carriage, as it certainly must be, (I should suppose) all open to the view of the country behind ; and then by its other overlooking Portsmouth, the fleet, Isle of Wight, St. Helen's, and beyond Southampton, it must at least be one of the finest prospects in the world.

My entertainment for the day (for I was at Dr. Garney's before twelve) was as if calculated to please a man of fashion. As to Mr. Garrick, he, being much the youngest man of the two, took me (for two hours) to every part of the house and garden that was worth observation, and to the high top of an observatory, built by the Doctor for study, curiosity, and prospect, and very near equal to that just mentioned of Portsdown. Mr. Garrick ran and skipped about like a lad of twenty. —Indeed civility and kindness seemed the study of the day from him and the whole family, and were visibly the intention and practice towards me.

Mr. Garrick had heard my benefit was over ; but when I informed him I was to have another, he strongly recommended my night to the patronage of that worthy family ; and said, he would take it equally as an obligation conferred

on himself, if bestowed on his friend Mr. Wilkin-son—(there was honour!)—for I was a youth whose prosperity he had at heart, because I was deserving; and added, unless that had been his opinion of me he had not invited or recommended me to the honour of Dr. Garney's friendship. After tea, coffee, &c. we finished the evening with playing at bowls on the green and in walking. I did not leave Wickham till ten o'clock at night, and received a general invitation to make that house my own, whenever convenience permitted or inclination prompted me. I remember, when talking of plays that day after dinner, Mr. Garrick said, that he never acted but to one bad house, and that was Abel Drugger, when there was not 40l. in the theatre.

On my departure from this so truly agreeable day, never to be obliterated, Mr. Garrick gave me the play of Barbarossa, to be ready in that character, and to study Gloster in Jane Shore, and jokingly said, he hoped there would not be any impropriety in bespeaking a play for Friday, July 27;—"and we desire, Wilkin-son, you will fix on a favourite character, and do your best for the credit of both; and damn it, Tate, Mrs. Garrick expects you will have a Dish of Tea ready after her jaunt, by way of relaxation; and if you disappoint us, Dr. and Mrs. Garney, and all the party will

be very angry, therefore take care." All these requests I assured him should be complied with. He escorted me to my chaise, and for the second time in his life made me very happy; for I on my part never wanted gratitude or a pride to obtain his good opinion. But our state of mind so fluctuates that it is merely a common barometer — *'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true.*

I had promised more, much more than I could make good, for I had not the least doubt but any play I appointed would be granted servilely with a bow, when authorised by the name of Garrick. Here, however, I was mistaken, for the next day when I summoned the company, the three or four theatrical potentates in power pertaining to the petty state were very refractory, each wanting to be principal on the occasion; and by a majority of votes I lost my lieutenancy, nor was I by myself, for Mr. Moody was not suffered on any account to be capital on this occasion.

A Mr. White was the yearly Garrick, whose fame sounded and resounded from the county of Devon to the bounds of Hampshire, therefore neither he, nor they would permit any display of mine, as each wanted to be a surprising actor, and be elected by due right of merit in Drury-Lane house of lords and commons. Says the morning gin and brandy-cag hero, with a face unknown to

cleanliness, speaking *g* affectedly, and leaving out the letter *r*, "Why is Mr. Wilkinson to appoint a play for this Mr. Ga—ick? Who is Mr. Ga—ick? Mr. Ga—ick has no command over our company at Portsmouth"—and with the utmost non-chalance said, "Mr. Ga—ick cannot, I think, be displeased with *my* Macheath, though, I want no *favour* from Mr. Ga—ick"—assuring himself thereby of shewing even Garrick—"Here you shall see what you shall see," and by that performance be engaged at Drury-Lane, and make king David tremble.

So Mr. White who was lord paramount, after as much altercation as would settle an address to the Minister, fixed on the Beggar's Opera, Friday, July 27th, 1759; Macheath, Mr. White, and Mr. Moody was permitted to have the honour of acting Lockit. I was allowed to give Tea, and by particular desire, to please me, was added the Author, Cadwallader by me of course. It was with difficulty I could reserve twelve *good* seats, as all the genteel people, on hearing that Mr. Garrick and his lady were to be there, had crowded early to the theatre; the first act was finished and no Mr. Garrick had appeared, and on the second act beginning, the audience and the performers blamed me for having asserted a falsehood, and by way of a hum collected them to be disappointed,

and I really began to think it strange myself; but to my great relief and satisfaction, about the middle of the second act, in my party came, which was to me a gratifying triumph, as Mr. White was very angry at having played so much of his Machéath and Mr. Ga—ick not present. They were soon settled and paid much attention, and very considerately and kindly Mr. and Mrs. Garrick and their party made a point of obliging me by conferring strong marks of approbation.

Mr. Garrick was so pleased with my friend Mr. Moody, in Lockit, that he sent for him the next morning and engaged him for the ensuing season, at a salary of thirty shillings per week, because he told him he *loved to encourage merit!* Mr. Moody obtained Mr. Garrick's promise that he might make his *entrée* in the character of King Henry VIII. Mr. Garrick after the farce, came round and insisted on my supping with them at the Fountain Tavern; the noble troop of strangers were much increased by the addition of several gentlemen, particularly as all the medical people of consequence belonging to the place went to pay their compliments to their acquaintances, Dr. Garney and family, and also to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick. Mrs. Garrick very politely thanked me for my performance, which before so many people certainly appeared respectful, attentive,

and kind; and I judged my fortune made.—
O fickle fortune!

About half past twelve Mrs. Garrick was for retiring, and as one of Dr. Garney's friends had provided them beds, (not suffering them to sleep at the tavern,) Mrs. Garrick had to walk up the street to her destined apartment; Mr. Garrick, who never failed in attention to his lady, would not trust her to the servant's care only, but would himself attend her, and then return back to the company. He observed I came that evening in a very large handsome sea-captain's cloak, which he said he admired much, and he would with my leave wear it to attend Mrs. Garrick to her residence. All the ladies went at the same time to private houses, and the great little man wrapped himself in my *then* honoured roquelaure. He soon returned, said he was pleased with his walk, as it had made him so well acquainted with my cloak, and which he thought would be so comfortable for the winter, that if he had one, many a walk should he take in it, instead of going in a sedan from Southampton-street to Drury-Lane; therefore requested I would not leave Portsmouth without procuring such another, and take it to London for him.

The evening was very chatty; he had all attention paid him, and in consequence shewed himself

to great advantage. He asked me if I had seen that *d——d Foote*? I answered "No." To which he replied with vehemence, he hoped, for my sake, I never would, if I could avoid it, either see or speak to him again. What all this violent kindness proceeded from I never could account for: However I thought then, and do to this hour think myself highly obliged; for, to the observer, it bore every mark of sincere benevolence and regard.

It was three in the morning before the party broke up, a very uncommon hour for him, he took a most cordial and friendly leave, and I was much pleased with my affable, and agreeable entertainment, and wished him a good morning, and a safe and pleasant journey to his seat at Hampton-Court, for which place he was to set forward in two or three days.

My second benefit was on Wednesday the 29th of August, DOUGLAS, TEA, and LETHE. My characters were Douglas, Old Man, and Lord Chalkstone.—I thought it would be rude and impolitic when this ceremony grew near, if I did not, according to the repeated invitations I had received, wait on Dr. Garney at Wickham. I hired the handsomest horse I could, thinking that a post chaise for the day looked idle as well as extravagant for a distance of only eight miles, though

not a sailor in Portsmouth but would have proved a better jockey than myself. To make which clear I must relate my John Gilpin's ride to Wickham, which has made me dread horseback ever since. I had seldom used myself to that mode of travelling; for though I had frequently gone from London to Hampton-Court and Richmond, yet it was generally in a post chaise, which ever was and is my favourite method of passing from place to place.

The ostler of the Fountain brought to my door a very fine looking horse, and observing I wore spurs, said "Pray Mr. Wilkinson, do you often ride on horseback?" I assured him the contrary: "Because," added he, "I beg then, Sir, as you are not a jockey, that I may take them off, for the horse I have brought is so very spirited, it may be dangerous for you to keep them on." to this disarrangement I assented, and for the first mile, though hemmed in by the draw-bridges, and going on gently, found it was very difficult, either by giving the horse his own way or checking him, to keep him within the power of my art of horsemanship, but entertained hopes when I got into the open road by putting him into a canter that I should do very well. By degrees the horse seemed wisely to comprehend that his own self-will and sagacity were superior to his rider's; my ig-

norance was manifest to the animal, and as he was fully convinced I assumed a government to which I was not by any means competent he was determined on rebellion, and to himself usurped the reins of power. The renewal of it to my fancy, even now, makes me giddy, and I verily believe from that hour my brain was weakened, which must plead some apology; and it is a remark of truth, that in almost every accident, whether by falls down stairs or in the street, from six years old my unfortunate head has always suffered. These bruises on recovery may in some degree account for heaviness and stupidity, and naturally for the luminary rays not to have shone forth so bright as I wished them: Even the night when I broke my leg, my head was so jarred on the pavement as to occasion a violent stun, and then such excruciating pain as absolved all notion or feeling of my leg being in the least injured, till endeavouring to walk on my recovery from the pain, my leg already broke, unable to do its office, let me down and snapped the ancle bone.

After having achieved near two miles with safety, my Bucephalus set off like mad, I not being able by any means to keep my saddle, but sat in a state of fear and terror: In about half a mile, after he had got into this wild freek, in the narrow road I met the London waggon, where with

care there was scarce room to pass by it, but to which this dreadful beast rushed, that the wheel stopped and checked my right leg and brought me to the ground, and on my fall the horse's hind foot struck my jaw, and made it bleed most plentifully. Providentially the men stopped the waggon, but almost against their will, for they could not conceive from the fury of the beast, and the supposed misguided rage of the rider, but I was some foolish mad fellow eager to shew my horsemanship, neck or nothing.

The waggoners behaved with more civility than is usual for such animals; for in general they certainly are merely such. They only damned me for a *fewl*; for they were *right zure I mun be mad ta ride dumb beast to fright the waggon like*. But when I declared my innocence, as to any intended violence on their carriage, and told them the real cause they thought it a very good joke and pronounced "I should never be a sportsman sufficient to win the King's plate at Newmarket."

While I was wiping off the dust and blood, and was really much bruised, and with reason alarmed, for had not the waggoners, from seeing Gilpin's certain danger stopped the waggon, I must have experienced a shocking death, by being crushed under the wheels, near thirty years before this day of relation, or at best I could only have ex-

isted as a dreadful spectacle, the gay mettled courser having disengaged himself of his rider, was all the time feeding on such odd bits of grass as he could find. I was helped on his back and reassumed the reins with as much ease, as if no accident had occurred, and I had only mounted a lady's gentle pad.

The waggoners desired me not to ride again like a devil upon the king's high road, for I might have seen *waggon like*, and at the same time have seen there was not room to pass it, and poor beast was so quiet, it must have been all my fault. I bore this second lecture with patience, so thanked Mr. Waggoner, and proceeded on my journey; for as to dwelling longer on my ignorance it was sufficiently explained, and would have only increased their contempt, not created pity, and therefore would be a loss of time to us all, as our journey's end was quite contrary to attain.

I determined to be very steady and not venture on the perilous canter any more, a gentle trot at the most was to suffice, and that with all precaution; we were jogging on as if by mutual agreement with great regularity and composure, when an officer, who was going to Hilsey Barracks, cried out, "Your friend SCOTT dines at Hilsey—do come to dinner, Wilkinson,"—and went galloping on; my fiery footed steed, scorning to be outdone

in courtesy, obeyed the summons with the utmost swiftness, not by any means waiting to hear or consult my opinion as to the invitation, while Gilpin like, I held by the pummel of the saddle out of breath, and expected every instant my neck would be broke: I was at the last gasp with this devil of a horse; for the officer had no thought but I was determined to out-ride him, and be at Hilsey the first. I found pulling or holding like Major Sturgeon by the main, was all to no purpose, and every moment supposed I should be sprawling on the ground; but on seeing the turnpike I cried out aloud, "Shut the gate! Murder! murder! For God's sake shut the gate!" At first they did not comprehend me, but on observing my awkward manner of riding on this my flying-horse, and my continued cry of "Shut the gate," they did so before I got to it; then another fear instantly arose, which was that of the horse's despising the barred gate and leaping over it, which if he had, there would have been one Major Sturgeon less in the theatrical world; but fortunately the creature, either in pity to my fears or regard for his own limbs, or from the custom of stopping at the gate, (which I cannot pronounce) halted there and that suddenly, on a supposition, may be, that the King's duty was necessary to be loyally paid, to which he was possibly daily accustomed, and

to my astonishment, in the midst of horrors, he pleasingly surprised me by so doing, for he seemed equal to any mad exploit whatever.—

Here I stayed and got a glass of water, and from the turnpike for about a mile to the left, on the irregular paths of Portsdown, I expected he had settled to reason, and had tried my skill in horsemanship sufficiently; but on the up hill and down dale once more he began, and more swift than ever, without a chance of my meeting with any cottage, or modern shepherd or shepherdess, in case of accident or misfortune, having quite left the public road. For me to expatiate on the wonders I this day performed in the noble art of vaulting horsemanship, might make young Astley fearful of a rival, and dare me to a trial of skill. The sensible beast certainly knew what an insignificant Major he had on his back, and determined to make a frisky day of it at my expence. I was in hopes till he took this third unlucky frolic all would have been well, and that the headstrong servant was sensible of the errors he had already committed, and I began to fancy myself an elegant prancer, when he rapidly flew with me to a precipice of very considerable height, where I thought he would for his own sake have stopped his career; but to convince me he was superior to fear, and scorned even imminent danger, down

he plunged headlong to the bottom. I have seen something like this heroic action in an old pantomime of Mr. Rich's, called Perseus and Andromeda; where Perseus, like a flaming god, suspended by a wheel of large circumference, was whirled with great velocity around the theatric clouds, and struck with his mighty sword the frightful Gorgon, who midst raging billows was ready to seize the chained Andromeda, his wished-for prey: One fatal evening the wheel and pulleys broke, and down fell Perseus on the harmless stuffed dragon, and instantly the curtain was dropped to hide the disgrace, and to hasten to the relief of the before lofty air-riding god.

It needs not the traveller's talent to point mine out as a frightful situation in every respect, as myself and horse had taken the dreadful plunge; I in idea gave up the ghost, thinking all was inevitably over, and that there was not a possibility of life being preserved; this was momentary. Ease from pain brings death, and so with me—It was, I guess, some minutes before I recovered from the shock of the fall, or to the least ray of restored senses; but thank God Almighty they did return by degrees, though sickness was violent, the horse still lying on my thigh, my head was on the hilly part, and the horse's feet at the bottom, which kept part of his weight from crushing my thigh.

After finding I had so miraculously escaped with life, I was fearful, as my right leg and thigh felt so much stunned, that they were broke; but by degrees pulling at the rough hill gently, I got my left foot equal to push on the saddle, and so relieved myself, but yet doubted whether I was not in the Elysian Fields; I was in such a state of perturbation and misery, with pain, sickness, and wonder, that it was a delirium. When I was more collected, I looked at the horse, as he lay almost lifeless, and by his not making any attempt to move, I feared his limbs had suffered, and that, I supposed, would make it an expensive ride, added to my surgeon's bill. Staying there would not do at any rate, so as soon as I was able to get on my legs I slid to the bottom, took hold of the bridle, and the horse with great difficulty arose, and was as patient as a pet lamb: I winded him round and round the rugged place as well and as gently as I could, till by slow degrees, aided by that sweet maid Patience, I got him out of the dreary depth, and once more attained a part appertaining to Portsdown Hills. Notwithstanding my third disaster, I again had courage to mount, being only about two miles from Dr. Garney's, and we proceeded with all the regularity and gravity of Don Quixote to the wished-for villa, and arrived at it after all my fatigues, troubles, and hair-breadth

scapes, and falling headlong down the deep Tarpeian rock. The Doctor and his son were out, and not expected home till dinner. When I had related the story of my woes to Mrs. Garney, she was greatly alarmed, and wished much for the Doctor's returning, that he might immediately bleed me, which she insisted was a ceremony necessary to be instantly performed. I agreed in opinion with her; but as the Doctor's coming might not be for two hours, I retired to be brushed, washed, &c. which was absolutely needful, and it much refreshed me. I then desired the favour of a bottle of Madeira, but Mrs. Garney did not approve of it; and, instead of that potation, recommended more hartshorn and water; but I told her that I had, on my arrival, been well provided by her kindness with plenty of the watery element, and now really wished for something else, and thought Madeira would do wonders: She shook her head on hearing this, and went out of the room. As I was preparing myself for dinner, she politely sent me the Madeira, and I most eagerly drank a full tumbler of it, and it revived me wonderfully; but prudence prevented my increasing the draught, for by my good will, as I was so thirsty and hot, and the Madeira had gone down so deliciously, I could have finished the bottle; but well it was I did not, for in my hurried state

of spirits, and being bruised from head to foot, it might have proved a more certain road to death than any dagger I had ever struck, or any draught of poison I had ever swallowed as a stage patriot for the good of my country.

The Doctor and his son did not return till near four, above two hours after I had arrived on my prancing Bucephalus. I was well refreshed, and my face was in tolerable order, all considered, though it was much scratched and wounded. Mrs. Garney represented my story in most tragical colours; which, had it been so well told before I had drank the Madeira, she might have gained my consent for being bled, as I expected it after the violent fall I had endured: but on growing better, and thinking the Madeira had done every thing that was necessary, all reasons or persuasions were in vain, for I obstinately refused, and said I wished for dinner, and that was preferable to being bled. At last the Doctor's kind intentions yielded to my petulance, and the sight of the good dinner seemed to be the most prevailing argument on all sides; the lancets were changed for knives and forks, and I performed with those weapons more dexterously than I or any person at table expected. We drank Mr. and Mrs. Garrick's health.

The Doctor inquired when my benefit was; I told him:—He asked for tickets, which I could not

have thought of carrying there in my pocket, because a gentleman had invited me to dinner. However, he begged leave to present me with three guineas for three box tickets, which I was to send him. I accepted the king's pictures, and of course sent three scraps of paper in exchange. He desired I would come once more before I went to London: I accordingly visited that pleasant hospitable spot again, but it was in a post-chaise, *not on horseback*.—*No more of that—no more of that.*

On my return the horse either walked or went a gentle trot all the way to Portsmouth, and when in the public road, though several gentlemen were returning from their evening's ride, he was as easily conducted as if he had never been obstreperous. Every one was astonished when I related my adventures; and, but that they had a good opinion of my veracity, and seeing the marks on my face, and my naming the waggoners and turnpike-man as witnesses, my story would not have been credited; for the horse was so gentle, and so easily guided, they said that every one must conclude the rider was the most to blame.

The want of judgment in me might in part have been the cause; but from the circumstance of the ostler's taking off my spurs, it was evident he treated his riders every now and then with a frolic;

and I guess his fall had made him feel pain, and find he was in an error when he cut that caper of enchantment which bereft me of my senses; and had he not had that fall I think he would have finished my career, and effectually have prevented my ever seeing old Portsmouth again.

I do not recollect many particulars relating to this summer campaign worth setting down, so will suppose my Portsmouth engagement ended, and greatly to my advantage: But now, though not an old man, melancholy reflection tells me, that were I to set my foot in that town, there is not one man or woman, gentleman or gentlewoman existing whom I should know.—All gone! gone! But why should I moralize, reflect on, or regret the certain fate of all mankind? Is there a wonder in so well proved a certainty?

Miss Morrison continued at that theatre for some time longer.—Mr. Moody went for London to his new royal engagement; and Miss Kitty White was soon after married to her favourite sailor, Mr. Burden. The mother escorted her youngest daughter, Miss Betsey, to Dublin; as Mr. Barry, by the persuasion of Sir Francis Delaval, had engaged her.

Miss Kitty was a pupil of Mr. Rich's at the same time he was *larning* me and she was taught at his academy for acting, and there began our ac-

quaintance. Mr. Rich took infinite pains in teaching his ladies; Mrs. Stott, late Mrs. Lessingham, was also a pupil of his in 1756, and made her appearance in Desdemona.

I cannot resist mentioning a little anecdote with which Mrs. Clive and Mr. Garrick were highly entertained; it was related to them by Benjamin Victor, who was at the play on the night it happened at Portsmouth, as follows:

Richard the Third . . Mr. WILKINSON.
Lady Anne . . . Miss WHITE.

RICHARD.

O take more pity in thine eyes,
And see him here.

Miss White replied,

Would they were *battle-ax* to strike thee dead.

I need not tire the reader by a long story how happy my mother was to see her son, after what she thought a tedious absence.

On my arrival in London I found Mr. Garrick was in town, waited on him, and was received by my good friend as cordially as when I had last seen him at Portsmouth. I had sent him his cloak, for which he poured forth a profusion of thanks, and said Mrs. Garrick must pay for his Portsmouth garment.

At that time I frequently had the honour to

breakfast with him; an invitation I would never give or accept but on urgent or very particular occasions: for give me the news-papers and letters, and let me sit fullenly by myself during that ceremony every day.—It is to me a strange invitation, and may always be given with safety, for I should be sure to refuse it. At one of these breakfasts Mr. Garrick desired me to be ready in Bajazet for the annual ceremony at that time of acting Tamerlane, with the occasional prologue, at both houses on the 4th and 5th of November.

Mr. Mossop had been inveigled by Barry and Woodward to their new theatre in Crow-street, Dublin, which gave a great shock, and made a considerable chasm and derangement in our affairs of state.

Mr. King was engaged this year from Dublin, and made his appearance in Tom, in the Conscious Lovers, in October 1759.

Mr. King had not been there since the spring 1750, when the Roman Father was brought on the stage, in which he acted Valerius; but Mr. Garrick produced Mr. King to the public in 1748 as the Herald in King Lear, and in the character of George Barnwell in 1749.—Garrick's judgment here was not infallible; and as to Mr. King it is no wonder he should not have known which way the true bent of his genius lay, as too fre-

quently is the case. Young performers think of nothing but tragedy: I do not doubt but perseverance would have proved Mr. King an acquisition to the buskin, but Mrs. Chance decided otherwise, and fortunately for the best.—In the comedy of the Confederacy he acted Brags, of which character the inimitable Churchill takes particular notice; and that gentleman, though so keen and clever in his satires, was not strictly just, which is rather lamentable where strong and superior genius reigns. Mr. King has proved a contradiction to his remarks; and, indeed, my very exact explanation relative to myself, before given, evinces I was not the mimic's mimic; for such as it was it certainly was my own, which indeed he afterwards acknowledged, as will be mentioned in proper time and place.

On reviving the comedy of the Confederacy, Mr. Garrick one evening sent for me in a great hurry to request, as a test of my regard to oblige him, that I would play Old Mrs. Amlet: He said it struck his thought it might help to strengthen that comedy.—I in duty bound immediately undertook the part.—Miss Pope made her first appearance as a regular stage candidate in Corinna, though she had often acted as a child in Miss in her Teens, Lethe, the Oracle, Lilliput, &c.

Not acted here these eight years.
 Saturday the 27th of October, 1759,
 Will be revived

The CONFEDERACY.

Dick Mr. PALMER.
 Brads Mr. KING.
 Money-trap . . Mr. YATES.
 Clarissa Mrs. PRITCHARD.
 Flippanta . . . Mrs. CLIVE.

Corinna (for the first time)
 By a YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN.

AND

Mrs. Amlet to be attempted by Mr. WILKINSON.

After which the pantomime of

HARLEQUIN RANGER.

It was acted again on Monday the 29th of October.

The play was greatly received, and Miss Pope gained much applause, and gave great promise of being (what she is universally acknowledged to be) an excellent performer; and she has from that night to this day been an ornament to the public as an actress of their own rearing, and a credit to the stage as a worthy and amiable private character. I must not forget to add that my Old Mother Amlet was well received, and for some nights repeat-

ed, till the Fates called me unexpectedly from thence.

I well remember, on the second night of the Confederacy, Mrs. Clive called Miss Pope into the green room, before her going on the stage as Corinna, and said to her, "My dear Pope," (a sweet appellation indeed from Clive) "you played particularly well on Saturday night as a young actress—now take from me a piece of advice, which I would have every performer attend to;—you acted with great and deserved approbation, but to night you must endeavour to act better, and expect to receive less applause; for if you let your young heart be too sanguine, and rest on the caprice of public commendation or praise, and find yourself disappointed, you will foolishly let it damp your spirits, and you will sink beneath yourself;—therefore take my advice for your proceeding on the stage——

"The violent thunder of applause last Saturday on your first appearance was not all deserved, it was only benevolently bestowed to give you the pleasing information that they were well delighted, and had their warmest wishes that you would hereafter merit the kindness they bestowed on you." Young performers should remember this lesson, for they are too apt to construe kindness and cherishing into a tribute due to their deserts.

The play of Tamerlane was next called, and a few days before that play came to its annual rotation, *Mr. John Moody* made his *entrée* in London (as specified by his articles of war signed at Portsmouth) in the character of King Henry VIII. the night previous to that I acted *Mrs. Amlet*. *Mr. Davies*, who was then an actor at Drury-Lane, and who wrote *Mr. Garrick's Life*, and various other pieces, miscellanies, &c. was an old man at that time to me, for I was exactly twenty-one that November: This old gentleman had set his heart on acting *Bajazet*, and when he came one morning to the playhouse and found me rehearsing the part, he was so mortified that he could not contain his spleen, but came into the green-room, and with an affected fit of laughter said, "Ladies and gentlemen, only think what our theatre is come to!—finely lowered indeed! for we have Henry the Eighth acted by John Moody*, and *Bajazet* by an old woman," (meaning *Mother Amlet*.) On hearing which, I very gravely turned round and said, "And pray, *Mr. Davies*, why not *Bajazet* by *one* old woman as well as *another*?" My old woman's retort to *Mr. Davies*, as the existing John Moody can witness, was my first stage witticism, and which procured an universal laugh in my favour, besides that of triumph

* John Moody, the coachman, in the Journey to London.

to my friend John Moody and myself, which I am certain he remembers to this day. The play of *Tamerlane* was still rehearsing, and being then in favour at court, I was summoned by Mr. Holland into Mr. Garrick's dressing-room. — Mr. Garrick said, he wished to hear me repeat some of *Bajazet's* speeches, in order to rectify my mistakes, which would be easier to me there than if corrected at rehearsal. Mr. Cross, the prompter, was ordered to attend with the play. Mr. Holland, whose part was *Moneses*, undertook to act the first scene as *Tamerlane*. Mr. Garrick was in high humour, saying, "Well now, Cross, hey! Why now, this will be too much for my exotic? Hey, Cross, I must do it myself; what say you? Hey now! Cross!" Cross replied, "I am afraid not this year, Sir, as the time is drawing near, and *Bajazet* is long, and the play must be done next Monday." "Well now, hey Cross! why that is true; but don't you think my brow and eye at *Bajazet*!—How do you think I should play it?" "O! Sir," said Cross, "like every thing else you do—your *Bajazet* would be incomparable!"—to which we all bowed and assented. He then acted a speech or two in my first scene, and his look was truly inimitable: "I never shall see his like again." Now my turn came, as he said, for a private docking of luxurious branches,

and here follows the proof of Mr. Garrick's favourite wit, which I formerly mentioned. I went on rehearsing with Holland, my master saying "Very well! vastly well indeed, upon my word! Now, now this"—till the middle of the scene, where repeating the long speech of "O glorious thought!"—"Vastly well, bravo!"—till I came to the difficult finishing line—"So now you know my mind, and question me no further,"—*Why hey now, Wilkinson! why this is all shittle-comesh-te, and my a—e in a bandbox.—Here now was I in eager expectation of a t—d as thick as my wrist, and as long as my arm, and d—n it it is all squitter, S : : : r **

The delicate reader will skip this leaf, like Sir Clement Flint in the Heiress, yet I hope will pardon it, as I do not insert it for entertainment, but fairly as the indispensable characteristic mirth which Mr. Garrick, with all his understanding, was too apt to give way to; though one of the first geniusses of the world, yet he would descend to such low stuff and ribaldry. Poets may write, and preachers declaim, yet here is a strong picture that the wisest people at times are fools. Nature will take the lead in spite of what they call right, and evince them that men are but children of a larger growth; those who often teach the contrary laugh

* Mr. King was there.

at you when you believe them, and are sometimes found in equal error with those they austere-ly correct. And it is certainly amazing to the cool reflector on the human mind, that Garrick, with such idle stuff, could not only highly divert himself, but by the help of his kingly name stamp and pass it as current wit and humour.

I actually aver, that the related strokes of wit from Mr. Garrick's spontaneous and wonderful fancy were retail theatrical jokes for a week or month following; that, on my rehearsing with Mr. Garrick, Mr. Holland judged it so comical, that he had never done with the joke: and so fashionable was it, that not only the gentlemen, but the ladies, and those that were most delicate, all professed admiration and strong appetite for Garrick's jests on Wilkinfon. Mr. Cadwallader in the Author declares, he eat the prince's soup out of compliment, tho' it was as bitter as gall and as black as his hat—still says—"d——n his soup."

As a relater of facts, I cannot omit, in regard to Mr. Garrick's amazing care of me as a manager, I was then really ignorant of the art of properly lining my face with Indian ink; he not only gave a particular charge to Mr. Johnson, the house-keeper, who possessed judgment in those matters, but attended in person by half past five, not merely to assist and see that it was done, but corrected

and gave the finishing strokes of the pencil himself, and helped to improve my face with the necessary red and white, and the yellow ochre ; (but this is letting the reader too far into our stage mysteries ;) and certainly such attention from a person of his rank and real independence, was careful, pleasing, encouraging, and kind. I thanked him for it.

My Bajazet, upon the word of a gentleman, was better than well received : I was perfect to a T, or, as a very old stager would term it, *quite rotten in the part*. However, to attempt Bajazet when I was but twenty years old, and finish it with approbation, certainly gave promise for the young racer, though no jockey. Mr. Quin had been the Bajazet, and was allowed excellent, and then well remembered.—Barry was in full fame, and Mossop not forgot in that character ; but still there were, at Drury-Lane, only Wilkinson and Davies left at that juncture for Bajazet, Holland being the Monefes.

Mr. Foote at that time had not any engagement, and Mr. Garrick really *acted* the being offended with him so well, and Mr. Rich kept his *natural* stupidity so obstinately, that Mr. Foote was reduced from the pressure of his wants and bad state of his finances, by way of immediate relief to his necessities, to advertise a comic lecture

at the Haymarket theatre early in December. My curiosity naturally prompted me to attend his performance ; but lest I should be negligent, Mr. Garrick sent for me to rub up my attention, fearing I might like a lazy centinel sleep on my post : He ordered me in strong terms to be there in time, to be very attentive, and to bring him a just account.

The lecture was rather defective and lame, but in that whimsical delivery and oratorical situation Foote was unrivalled, as he had great spirit, judgment, fire, and volubility, was very equal and collected in a situation so perilous and difficult. In the first act of his oration he evinced all these shining qualities, but he had not taken leisure, nor prepared himself by any means with sufficient matter for such a night's entertainment as was expected, and all to be done by himself.

It was too rash, too unadvis'd, and
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
E'er one can say it lightens.

He was wonderfully happy as the *rising* but not as the *setting sun* ; for it was not a glorious but a cloudy and darkened hemisphere.—However, he was recompensed for his trouble, and cheered by seeing all his friends, and a crowded theatre at the

full prices as now paid at the playhouses. One of his remarks was levelled against the combined theatres, urging, that several veteran actors might be seen walking the streets at noon picking their useless teeth.

Another was levelled at Mr. Rich, who was fond of Roman triumphs, ovations, &c. also Italian burlettas; in one of which there was a sneezing duet: He said, that *that* bright manager's time was too busily employed either to admit him or the destitute Minor in his hand, (alluding to his then new-written farce of that name) as it was wholly occupied in shewing,

How the old Romans drefs'd,
And the modern Romans sneez'd.

And that Garrick was too careful to allow, if possible, any writers existing even from the crumbs of his table; so that with that penurious gentleman no author could hope either for subsistence or encouragement.

The second part of his lecture failed in every essential point, and all his former satire and sting had left neither prejudice nor effect to serve any purpose whatever—Too often the error of our modern play-writers. How charming are the two or three first acts of Mr. Cumberland's Cholerick Man! but how different, or rather indifferent, are

the latter? That and other modern comedies, put me in mind of Congreve's last tag to the Old Bachelor.

All courfers the first heat with vigour run,
But 'tis with whip and spur the race is won.

It may be difficult, without doubt, to sustain and rise superior in the fifth act, but that it is to be achieved is unanswerably proved, whenever the Provoked Husband, the Beaux Stratagem, the Suspicious Husband, and the Wonder are acted: In laughter, glee, and spirit, they rise evidently to the last. It must be admitted, that in modern comedies the players, as usual, are brought all together for the purpose of moralizing at the conclusion, but to very little purpose regarding the entertainment of the audience, except its being a kind of joy to the nodding auditory, and the hinting it is near bed time, and a good preparatory lull for their night's repose; and in consequence going out of the theatre half asleep, half awake, it must frequently prove dangerous to many of his Majesty's good subjects, particularly in frosty weather, as we all know the purlieus of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden are slippery ways, and at best require wary walking: Therefore an author should always endeavour, as far as practicable, to make his last

act resemble a good disposition when bestowing favours, as experience tells me that, be he ever so bountiful, unless the last gift is surpassing the first, the ungrateful receiver will feel chagrined and disappointed, and return sulky acknowledgments, or more probably no thanks at all. But, alas ! it is easy to correct, and to assume coxcomb-like criticism——As——

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow ;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.

So the second part of Mr. Foote's lecture was like a bad fifth act in a play : he was exhausted, and felt but little of his former self ; he seemed to have no resource, and was reduced to beg leave to sit down at a table with two candles, and read his new piece called the Minor, which he then wanted to bring on the stage, and that was in a mutilated, unprepared state ; even for the closet it was almost incomprehensible, and, as it may be supposed, suffered much by being read to such disadvantage ; though enforced by Mr. Foote, yet it was very languid to a large audience.

He soon found the forced experiment weighed as heavy on himself as on his hearers, he therefore broke up the assembled court rather abruptly, apologized for the hurry with which he had taken

the liberty to convene them together, and finished with an assurance of making considerable alterations and additions against the next essay, of which he would give timely notice. — He bowed and departed, neither with tokens of approbation or disgust, for each party seemed pleased with the release. — The audience retired apparently contented with such fare as they had partaken of, but not by any means wishing to sit down again to the same dish.

Mr. Foote must have been perfectly convinced of this, for he never again offered to try their palates, fearing, I suppose, it would not have suited their tastes, but have been ordered away with tokens of disgust.

When the lecture was over I posted to the theatre, and as full of my packet of news as poor Scrub, eagerly got to Mr. Garrick's room, where he was waiting, all impatience, and Colonel Keppel with him, both in full dress, it having been a gala day at St. James's, where they had been paying their respects.

I dare say several country readers will doubt my authenticity, when I mention Mr. Garrick's having been at Court; but they may depend upon it that the information to those who live in London would not cause any wonder, or be a matter



of the least surprise, as the patentees of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, not only go publicly to Court at St. James's, but if they were to neglect that ceremony, at least occasionally, as on birth-days, &c. it would be taken notice of, judged a remissness, and not respectful. Mr. Foote, as patentee at the Hay-Market, always went to Court, where the first nobility were as glad to see him as any other acquaintance or intimate friend.

I not observing Mr. Garrick to be so fully equipped with *chapeau bras* under his arm, and Colonel Keppel the same, my thoughts were carried from their proper channel, and I entered the apartment so precipitately, and was so eager like a post-messenger to deliver my credentials, that I forgot to take off my hat, but let it remain like a stubborn proud quaker, on its right place, the head. This was not from a rude habit, quite the contrary; but in my hurry and ardent desire to prove my loyal zeal to king David, I had really never thought of it. Mr. Garrick very kindly gave me a wink and a slight pull, and pointed at my head; I was quickly sensible of my error and apologized for it, which Colonel Keppel laughed at very heartily, and said, "He was sure it was from a hurry of spirits;" then sat down as eager as Garrick to hear the news relative to Foote's lecture;

for he was a sincere friend of Garrick's—to Foote of course the contrary. After an hour's conversation, with some of Garrick's stories, and his damning Foote very heartily, we parted. In two or three days after, I was summoned to a cabinet council in Southampton-Street: I found Foote's abuse in his lecture had not digested, but sat very heavy on my manager's proud stomach. Mr. Garrick said, "He had just received certain information, that the d—d fellow Foote was engaged with Barry and Woodward, for Dublin, and had actually set forward that very day."—"Now," says Garrick, "My dear Tate, now you see I have such a regard for you, that I cannot omit any opportunity of doing you a service. I am given to understand you owe much to the good folks of Dublin for the favourable respect and regard that many persons there have shewn you, for the which you should hold them in great good will. Now, I have consulted to make your fortune, and I will consent to your going to Ireland immediately, and to your staying there till the end of February or March; that is, you see, provided you give your word and honour to me you will not on any account accept any terms whatever, or be prevailed on to act with Barry and Woodward."

This proposal I relished as much as Mr. Garrick wished. I promised to be guided as he de-

fired : I was quite elated with the scheme, and was all alive, and in tip top spirits at the thoughts of seeing dear Dublin again, and all my good friends there. I returned Mr. Garrick a thousand thanks for his gracious furlough.

I took that opportunity of asking for the money for his Portsmouth cloak, which, notwithstanding the honour of often breakfasting with him, I had not yet received, though the sum was not enormous, being only three guineas : it was elegantly made for the price ; and he frequently walked the theatrical deck of his royal man of war graced in that snug covering. " But, now, well," said he, " I suppose you think now—hey, that you are never to be paid for this d——d cloak ;" which was in fact expecting I should have replied with, " My good Sir, your kindness is such, that I should esteem myself highly honoured by your acceptance of such a trifling present." But I knew my man too well, and was certain that his good breeding would not have put me to the trouble of a second offer ; for without more ceremony he would have accepted of it. After breakfast Mrs. Garrick immediately withdrew, for still the house affairs would draw her hence—and he poor man had not, he declared, such an immense sum in his own custody ; but on the day mentioned for Dublin hoy, he sent the servant for it to Mrs. Garrick,

and paid me the mighty sum—I do not know if *with all his heart* ; but I know I took it (as Mrs. Trapes does the capuchin in the Beggar's Opera) *with all my soul*.

I informed my lady mother of my unexpected trip, she did not like the thoughts of the sea for her wife son ; but trusting, as she ever did, to the sole Guider of all things, she mustered a resolution, and prepared for my journey and voyage, as I was obliged to go in four or five days.

On the night I was to depart in the Chester fly, having had a porter to cord my boxes before I went to the play, on my return to take leave of my mother and not to depart without the good blessing, to my surprise I had locked up all my cash in the boxes, and had not near sufficient in my pocket to reach Dublin ; I did not wish to unpack my mail-trunk till I had got to Holy-Head, where the officers of the custom would per force view and feel the contents. I had at noon *only* left sufficient for three months, for my mother, which was ever my first care after I was so enabled to prove my duty. It was near eleven o'clock when I discovered my error, and I had no remedy but to unpack, or the having recourse to my good Mr. Garrick, for I was to be in the coach by twelve—I therefore made haste to Southampton-Street—rapped aloud, and had the honour of ad-

mittance. He feared, on seeing me that some misfortune had happened: I got but just in time to save my distance, for he was in his night-cap, and said, in about fifteen minutes he should have been in bed. I told him the accident, and said I should really be much obliged to him for fifteen guineas, which he declared he was glad I wanted, as it gave him an opportunity to prove how willing he was to oblige me, and actually would not let me by any means take less than twenty: and, if in drawing an exact copy, as far as I can judge of the human heart, I do believe I was welcome to the sum in the humour he was then in, even had he never received it again. When I represent a picture of oddities annexed to genius, do not let me ungenerously not feel and declare how well he here bestowed; and I dare aver with sincerity; he at times did generous actions, and liked they should be known. But our minds are wavering in common life, and when we consider the more his astonishing discernment descried and proved the difficulties he had to surmount, no wonder it in some degree spoiled perhaps a good mind, had he been placed in any other situation; veracity demands this complimentary truth to his memory.

Mr. Garrick was an actor on the stage of life; and on the stage itself he was not the actor, but life's exact mirror he held to public view. I here

submissively bow to the reader, and seriously intreat the lady, or gentleman to believe, that a tribute paid to the merit of Mr. Garrick, by my bad pen, gives me more satisfaction than any contrary mark of character could do : But I am here giving a faithful account of facts, incidents, &c. and before I have finished, I flatter myself I have not inserted any thing which may impeach my gratitude to that gentleman on a summary view, from the beginning till I shall arrive at the sum total, or but what will prove, if I have wrote a little evil in brass, I have not wrote his good with water.

If the reader wonders at my want of cash when I made this application, it was owing to the mistake and the time of the night, and urgency made the necessity ; for I was then an actor, and not that great insignificant character a *poor* manager.—Money that I did not immediately want, my mother, at my request, always put into the stocks.

Mr. Garrick would have been unhappy had I lost a day, so eager was he for my expedition in every sense of the word. I left my lodgings in Half-Moon-Street, (now more genteelly termed Little Bedford Street) and was carefully conveyed to Chester, and from there to Holy-Head, thence in a storm, accompanied as usual with a violent illness, I at length safe arrived to view that

very beautiful situation of Dublin Bay; and as illuminations and rejoicings for great events cannot be commemorated unless the day be ascertained—know then, after an intolerable sickness, in Greece I landed about ten o'clock on Wednesday, December 26, 1759. This was to me a happy landing; and as I was going in a hackney coach to my lodgings, I thought I recollected the figure of a lady I knew, and on stopping the carriage, who should it be but my dear Mrs. White, who was come over with her youngest daughter, sister to the Miss Kitty White who was with me at Portsmouth.

My favourite old lady, was thus haranguing Mr. Younger, who that year was at Crow-Street theatre, and pointing with dignity to a play bill. "Sir, you have not used my daughter Bess well, 'pon my *sould*, and Barry has kept her in Love's last Shift ever since she came.—There is a bill with *Sylvia* at the bottom by that d--d devil, Mrs. Dancer.—Now, Sir, the poor dear creature wants the breeches parts, and if she has them not, Mr. Barry will have his benches pulled.—Ask Mr. Barry what he thinks my daughter came over to Ireland for?—Then if you do not know, I will tell you Sir—The breeches parts Sir! and she expects *all* the breeches parts Sir—and now you know Bet's mind."—To me, the remembrance

of this odd whimsical lady is a treat, and I am not single in my opinion, as Lord Miltoun, Lord Clanbrassil, Sir Francis Delaval, Mr. Foote, and others, used to be so entertained with my telling the incidents of her *outré* character, as occasioned me and Mrs. Abington's acting two parts on the stage for the purpose.

The old lady's lecture being over, and seeing me, she roared out, "O you devil, Tate! is it you? Kit wrote me word you was coming. Come open the door and let me into the coach, and go with me to Bet—she will be delighted to see you." She ordered the coachman to stop next door to Ryan's tavern, near Crow-Street theatre, and being safely set down, we found Miss Betsey at home, and with her a Counsellor Barret, whom I soon perceived had a strong penchant for her.

Well, after my introduction to the Counsellor, and some *hot wind 'pon my sould*, for Tate after his sea voyage, all was laugh and harmony, and "as music has charms to sooth the savage breast," (but here was an instance not to Congreve's credit, for it was quite the reverse) Mr. Barrett, as he was traversing to and fro, unfortunately took up the violin, and quickly played the Black Joke; the old lady's eyes were instantly inflamed, and a violent storm arose, which hung with impregnant

clouds that hovered over our heads, and burst at last in thunder and impetuous showers.

"*Master* Barrett, Sir, no more of that tune Sir! I wont suffer that tune of *dol-di-di-dily*, for it's b—dy, Sir; I am thrill'd thro'out when I hear it—for its b—dy, Sir!"—"But, my dear Ma'am," says the Counsellor—"My dear devil!"—says the lady—"Don't dear me! the poor girl could not sleep all last night for that d—mn—n tune."—"Mamar! mamar!" says the poor innocent creature, "what is *dol-di-di-dily*, mamar?"—"Go to sleep ma'am."—"Mamar! mamar!" again says she, with all the innocence in the world, "pray tell me what is *dol-di-di-dily*?"—"Why "ma'am," since you must know, its b—dy, "ma'am; and now I hope you are answered." Poor innocent creature she did not know what b—dy was. "So let me hear no more of *dol-di-di-dily*."

The daughter here ventured to soften matters. She was sure Mr. Barrett meant no harm with *dol-di-di-dily*; when her mother turned about and with an alarming voice cryed out—"O you eternal limb! I'll sell you ma'am,"—and indeed she was almost as good as her word, for she slapped her face most violently, screaming out at the same time, "Was ever mother so chill'd thro'out!"—the daughter tragically on her knees pul-

ling her mother's petticoats, who was declaring for England ho!—Myself and Mr. Barrett endeavouring to separate the young sobbing suppliant and the enraged heroine—Mr. Barrett's face by no means escaped her nails, or what the old gentleman termed *tremendours flaps*, till the entrance of a couple of fine boiled fowls, with celery sauce, roast beef, and some mince pies, which the Counsellor had ordered from Ryan's, produced a wonderful effect; for anger gave way to hunger, and rage subsided for the different passions—She kissed Bet, he kissed Tate—she laughed and said to Mr. Barrett—"Go you devil and wash your face with brandy, it is the most sovereignest thing in the world, for a scratcht face 'pon my sould, and then come and get your dinner." The Counsellor yielded to the enforced law of brandy, and promising never to play *dol-di-di-dily* again, we made as good a quartetto as I ever remember.

Dinner was scarce removed when a *rat-tat* was heard at the door, and in came Mrs. Kennedy breathless and exprefs from Mr. Barry, with the news that Mr. Dancer had expired that day at noon. The play intended for that evening was *Romeo and Juliet*, and as Miss White was studied in the part, Mr. Barry begged she would play it, and instantly attend him at the theatre to rehearse. "Ay, that she shall," cried the old lady, "for

Bet, has been in Love's last Shift for the whole winter, poor creature! and has had nothing else to comfort her; but now Bess has a good thing to do—she shall shew what acting is '*pon my sould!*'—Off they went to the theatre; and as Mrs. Dancer could not appear, an apology was made, and I saw Miss White play Juliet. I must explain by the old lady's Last Shift, that Miss White had made her first appearance, and played one part only that season, which was Amanda, in Cibber's comedy of that name.

Counsellor Barret lost no time in declaring his passion; for in about six weeks the bar orator pleaded his cause so urgently and successfully, that Miss Betsey allured by his fiddle attraction of *dol-di-di-dily*, eloped with him one morning whilst her tender *mama* was slumbering to that wakeful nightingale her *nese*; and before the clock had struck ten, the holy priest had made those two in one, and they were fast married. He had a genteel fortune; but his lady did not prove true unto his bed I believe; for he sent her to a nunnery, (a very improper place) where not liking penance, she soon finished her short career, sickened, pined, and died. On the morning they eloped the good old lady burst suddenly into my bed-chamber, tore open the curtains, and demanded her daughter from out of my bed: but

my assurances of innocence as to any knowledge of her maiden, pacified her by degrees, and off she set to search some other young man's bed; for that, it seemed, was the place she had ascertained as the most probable to find her daughter Bess. This truly original character was born at Hull: I apprehend the natural acuteness of Yorkshire air, polished and refined by the allowed elegant breeding of St. Giles's, gave the extraordinary finish to the *tout ensemble* of this truly original slip sloop character.

Mrs. Dancer soon as possible played again, as her absence reduced Barry to the most pressing necessities, which being properly and submissively laid before her, she melted and pitied his lamentable situation, and generously flew to his relief. At this period Mr. Mossop's tragical powers were added to those of Mr. Barry's, and these, united, of course were attractive.

Mr. Mossop's departure from Drury-Lane, was partly occasioned by an affront he took from Mr. Garrick's appointing Mr. Mossop to act Richard, as we will suppose this night, and his first and best character, which stood well against Mr. Garrick's, tho' not so artfully and finely discriminated, and at the same time the manager secured a command from the Prince of Wales for the night following; so that when Mr. Mossop had finished Ric'

ard with remarkable credit in February 1759, to his astonishment the Mr. Palmer of that age stepped forward and said, "To-morrow night, by command of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, (his present Majesty) King Richard III. King Richard, by Mr. Garrick." It gave a great damp to what Mr. Mossop had just finished; it certainly was galling, and proved duplicity and ill-nature, as well as envy.

I had a letter pointedly in my favour from Mr. Garrick to a Mr. Wilks, who had just then finished a history of the Irish stage, and had paid Mr. Garrick most lavish compliments. Mr. Wilks was very kind when I visited him, and presented me with his book, which I have carefully preserved.

To shew how easily Mr. Garrick would let trifles vex him, he used frequently to correspond with a Mr. Swan of York; who, like Mr. Rich, thought himself the only reader or judge of Shakspeare's Othello: he had been an actor, and acting manager many years before in Dublin; but not remembered as Mr. Victor observes: for the Dublin stage being in such dreadful order till after the year 1740, when Mr. Sheridan (son of Dr. Sheridan, and father to our present shining ornament, of the English senate and the English stage) became the undaunted reformer of every flagrant

abuse. Mr. Swan, after having at York taught Mr. Jackson, now the Edinburgh manager, how to undraw the curtain in his favourite balcony scene, (never acted but by his direction) said to a gentleman of the theatre, now in York in a very respectable situation—"No man understands Othello but myself."—"No!" says the gentleman—"What do you think of Mr. Garrick?"—"O! by G—d the man is not adequate to it—for he has neither learning nor understanding equal to the task." This foolish trifling circumstance was repeated to Mr. Moody; who, when in London, seeing Mr. Swan's letters to Mr. Garrick, wherein he paid great adulation to his judgment, told the ridiculous circumstance, as a proof of that gentleman's duplicity. Mr. Garrick after that received several letters from Mr. Swan, but never answered one.

On the evening of my arrival in Dublin, December 26, 1759, I had a message from Mr. Brown, the manager of Smock-alley theatre, with an invitation to supper: We soon agreed, for he did not know I was bound not to act at the other theatre, so all I asked was granted, and preliminaries were settled with the utmost harmony, and the night fixed for my first mounting the stage. But before I enter on the circumstances attending my own skill on this adventure, it will be necessary, as

an historian, to inform the reader respecting many alterations that had occurred in the meridian of Dublin since my first attempt on that stage, in December 1757, and what I am now to mention was in January, 1760. All, or most of my theatrical readers, have doubtless been informed of the state of the Dublin theatres, from books, relators, or experience; but a short information for strangers to those points in general is, I think, in some degree here necessary.

When I acted with Mr. Foote, in 1757, the expences were on a narrow scale, but on a more solid and secure foundation than in 1760; or I fear than at present, 1790. Indeed, in this year, the theatre is honoured with a patent; yet like the expensive cones of Cherburgh, I fear the profit is still far back, many storms assault, and sometimes in want of regular supplies; the garrison not loyal, and the inside of the *genii* palace very melancholy; not all well within, though adorned with false glare and enterprize. Indeed, to keep a Dublin or a York theatre, and gain the attention of a fickle audience, greedy for variety, and soon satiated, must be attended with expence and fatigue of mind, beyond the possible idea of an auditor; and though great receipts do at particular times happen, yet the very ill success that drags on for want of ability, before the sudden

spring tide sets the crazy vessel afloat, makes the Captain Manager too well acquainted with that hard labour the vulgar term—*working for a dead horse*.—I am sure I can tell the Dublin manager I speak this feelingly, but not as an agreeable truth; and if I am wrong in my supposition of him, I beg his pardon, and wish him joy of his arduous situation.

Now Mr. Sheridan in 1757 was the manager of a good theatre, with decent wardrobe, scenery, &c.—His plays acted with exactness, propriety, and regularity, and with every necessary embellishment.

A LIST of his COMPANY.

MEN.—Mr. Sheridan;—Mr. Foote;—Mr. King;—Mr. Heaphy;—Mr. Glover;—Mr. Hurst;—Mr. Kennedy;—Mr. Isaac Sparks;—Mr. Wilkinfon, and others.—WOMEN.—Mrs. Fitzhenry;—Mrs. Kennedy;—Miss Grace Philips;—Miss Philips;—Mrs. Heaphy;—Mrs. Glover;—Mrs. Pye, and others.

Mr. Sheridan then did not gain any enormous sum, though he was in universal esteem, and beloved as a gentleman, and an actor of great ability. At times he had very beneficial seasons. His charge for a benefit was only 40*l*.—Now, on my arrival in 1760, Mr. Barry's charges were with

difficulty, and I believe less, continued at 60l. Mr. Barry and Mr. Woodward, by raising a subscription, had a new, extensive, and more elegant theatre; and new brooms sweep clean. They opened that theatre in October, 1758; but it was loaded with not less than sixty subscribers tickets. When Woodward and Barry first acted, great sums were received, but it was but the vision of an hour; for the number of auditors were confined when compared to those of London, and as John Moody says, *they could not haud it, they could not haud it.*

Mr. Sheridan that year, after endeavouring to rally forces, and make way against the stream of Fashion, found the current too strong, was obliged to quit his ship, as the old crazy theatrical vessel threatened instant sinking, and from the ruins of which the very rats had run; he found himself deserted by Mr. King and Mrs. Fitzhenry, who went over to the foe: so he took the first opportunity of a fair wind and retreated, not deeming himself—

Arm'd with self-sufficient merit
To take the field against a host of foes.

For as Hudibras says—

He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;

H S

But he who is in battle slain,
Will never rise to fight again.

The first year seemed to promise Barry and Woodward success. To Barry it was not so material being in debt, for that never disturbed his rest. Woodward's disposition was quite the contrary, for his dinner, good or bad, would not digest unless he was certain it was paid for.—He was an economist in the strictest sense of the word—He had secured a little fortune quite sufficient for that enviable state, *independency*; his income at Drury-Lane having been affluent with great benefits for several years, and a darling of the public from boxes to the galleries. But with a grand view for gain, he unfortunately experienced a total change. He had quitted luxury, riches, and ease, and was playing in Dublin with vexation, danger, and slavery, in a comparative view, and one mishap after another in perpetual succession. The nights when Barry and Woodward did not act the houses were so bad as to cause a woeful drawback.

Crow-street seemed on the first onset to promise well; but Barry was himself a very luxurious Marc Antony to support; and the other house in Smock-alley, though contemptible in a comparative view, yet was often galling, and pricked the

sides of royalty ; for Barry and Woodward were appointed masters of the Revels, which gave them the power of dubbing their new house *royal* ; but the Lord Mayor at that time had the power to licence what theatres he judged proper ; yet Woodward found it impossible, and a more difficult task than he imagined, to crush what he at first looked on as a very contemptible, weak enemy ; yet weak and malicious enemies can sometimes pour in strength, and often create uneasiness and perplexity.

The revival of Douglas at the old house, by Mr. Digges and Mrs. Ward—also getting plays occasionally bespoke—benefits artfully given to public charities, and well-known genteel families in distress, but above all beginning their principal benefits in the height of the season against the strongest plays of their opponents, certainly greatly hurt their consequence, destroyed Woodward's rest, and lowered Barry's fame, which stood aloft, and looked disdain and terror on the host of scattered scarecrows beneath him ; yet these inevitable strokes could not be parried.

But on some of those nights, when Barry, Woodward, Mrs. Fitzhenry, and Mrs. Dancer, did all unite, with an excellent company, and exerted their best abilities, have they performed to a middling house ; while the other has had a full

theatre, on some popular occasion, to an ill-acted play, with dirty clothes and scenes, and a dismally bad-lighted theatre.—Indeed I have known even in London, when Mr. Rich has revived an old pantomime tagged to a vile-acted play, that Garrick has trembled; and I have heard him remark, that if they came to a tragedy at Drury-Lane from want of admittance by an overflow of Covent-Garden, they were not in humour the whole night, as the grown masters and misses were disappointed of seeing the puppet-shew, and were deprived of their rattle.—I must mention all that incredible rage for pantomime in London is now, to the credit of the audience, no more, but it comes in very properly as a relief;—but thirty-five years ago, to Harlequin Socerer, the doors were obliged to be opened at three o'clock, and were at times broke open, so eager were the million for admittance.

In the Dublin struggle, Barry and Woodward met with inconceivable and unforeseen perplexities; they had recourse to their powerful set of friends, particularly to ladies of quality, to add their names to their strong plays, which had certainly irresistible charms: but this could not always last; however that, and then beginning their own benefits gave a total overthrow to the enemy, who were so tattered and so mean in their attire, that “their executors

the greedy crows, flew hovering o'er their head impatient of their lean inheritance," they were obliged then to submit to the fate of war and shut up the playhouse, while Barry rode triumphant in his gilded car, and swept all before him;—Nor did he, that I ever heard, send them dinners and apparel, but, like Mr. Bayes's troops, supposed them all dead men. Barry and Woodward closed early in June 1759, opened again in October, and thought Dublin their own; but November had not elapsed before, they had authentic intelligence that an army lay concealed: But as they were poor do not think the army in disguise were as lucky as Mr. Bayes's, where we are informed all the innkeepers were their friends. Indeed Barry and Woodward this year were, by wishing to do too much, the cause of their own destruction: they had offered Mossop, as I have related, great terms, and bribed him from Drury-Lane; and here they certainly were wrong, for Mossop would never have left the first situation in Drury-Lane on any chance (or even certainty) and join a banditti, to perform in a theatre so destitute of every article whatever, to have opposed their handsome well-provided theatre in all points. However they had him there. Mr. Mossop being bred a gentleman, also the son of one, and having had a Dublin college education, he was universally known and

in high esteem, and was then thought by every one prudent and of an economical turn, but lived very genteelly: It was difficult to decide that season which was the greatest favourite with the ladies as a tragedian, Barry or Mossop; which was strange, as Barry was not only far superior, professionally, but was the only actor for really making love I ever saw; but Mossop added to much sterling merit and the firmness of voice for strength and clearness, that double attraction, novelty. But the audience unfortunately will not always judge as the players do, but assert their undoubted right of pleasing themselves.

I should like audiences to approve as I wished them, and believe there are other managers would like, seriously speaking, the same; and yet, in a general view, unless on riotous doings, Garrick had a wonderful power of that kind over his hearers, as they mostly held him invaluable, and put great faith in what he recommended to their sanction and good opinion.

A list of the principal performers in the two companies in Dublin, January 1760.

Grow-Street.

MEN.—Barry, Mossop, Sowden, Jefferfon, Walker, Woodward, Macklin, Foote, Vernon, Dexter, Heaphy.—WOMEN.—Dancer, Fitzhenry, Kennedy, &c.

Smock-Alley.

MEN.—Brown, Ryder, Wilkinson, Staley, Heaton, and Hurst.—WOMEN.—Mrs. Abington, Ibbott, Philips, and Ryder:

Now the reader, if not theatrical, will better understand what I had to encounter on my arrival. Mr. Brown was the desperate manager of Smock-alley theatre; he had been in much esteem as an actor and a gentleman at Bath and Edinburgh—once attempted Richard at Drury-Lane, but was barely permitted to finish the part—He had been in the army, and was well known by most of the officers; was a most pleasing well-behaved companion, was very indolent, a second Digges for extravagance, was much in debt in England and in Dublin, and it was very immaterial to him if he failed as manager, for he could not be poorer; and though it might put a stop to more credit, he was so well beloved they never pressed him to any distress, for as they knew money he had not, to lock him up was inflicting cruelty that could not answer any good purpose. His Copper Captain was so much approved that it always brought money; Woodward's was thought very inferior, nor could he keep that play on a par against Brown, with all the striking advantages his theatre and company possessed:—Our theatre was, as before

described, and looked like a dungeon. Mrs. Abington (who was then of no note) had, three or four years before that November, played a few parts at Bath, (when Mr. Brown was manager) also at Richmond, and some chance plays with Theophilus Cibber in the summer, by permission of the Lord Chamberlain, in the Haymarket, and had been engaged in 1759 at Drury-Lane at thirty shillings per week. Mrs. Abington had performed Dorcas in the Mock Doctor, &c. but Mr. Garrick not perceiving her merit, or in fear that encouragement would be for claiming advancement of terms, did not seem inclined to introduce that lady to advantage before the public:—But my then intimate friend, Mrs. Abington, formed a better opinion of her own deserts, and thinking Mr. Garrick intended injury, instead of acting friendly, she, without ceremony, suddenly eloped in December to her former manager and old acquaintance Mr. Brown, who had hired Smock-alley theatre at a trifling rent of Dr. Wilson: He had wrote to her on his new-acquired honours, and assured her of the choice of every leading character whatever, if she would quit her then indifferent Drury-Lane engagement. Mrs. Abington had arrived about fourteen days before me, and had acted with good and gracious reception; but not having the London stamp of

consequence, was only spoke of as really a very clever woman. My terms were settled at shares after 201. and a clear benefit, with three weeks notice whenever I should choose to appoint my night. Mr. Garrick, in his act of grace, had left me what is termed a creep-hole out of the act of parliament; for he had not desired me to make it a provincial attack in what was then termed my way, by ridiculing Barry, Mossop, Woodward, &c. being assured my eagerness to do it was sufficient; but here he was mistaken, for under so good a theatrical guide as himself, I must have been a stupid hound indeed not to have learned instinctively a small portion of sagacity; and he did not doubt but I should be led by natural error into an eagerness for the sport, without my paying any attention to the being right or wrong: but I had, with a little maturity, attained some experience and observation; and on ruminating on what had, and what might happen, and not by any means approving my Drury-Lane engagement, nor relying too much on a great man's promise, and doubting of terms to please me for the following year, the seeds of rebellion were scattered in my heart and promised growth.—It presently on reflection convinced me, if I made the managers of Crow-street my enemies, I was not only acting as a fool, but also as a

tool to accomplish Mr. Garrick's purposes, which would throw me back entirely into his power, as I should exclude myself by so doing from all resource in the capital theatres; and though I felt and glowed as the Alexander and the Lear of Portsmouth, still my connections and attachments to the great world made me only relish country retreats by way of relaxation, and as a man of consequence appertaining to the royal theatres, not as a constant resident of a provincial community: Therefore, if by attempting to appear with great eclat, I quitted all hopes of the substance by preferring the shadow, it would put an effectual bar to all my self-flattering hopes of future prosperity, and by pleasing two or three audiences might create a bundle of bitter, lasting, and implacable enemies; yet while I preserved my engagement for the winter of any consequence as a public character in either London or Dublin, it was security for a good profitable reception for the summer in the country, either in England or Ireland.

It so happened I was the first who had explored from London into the depths of country play-houses; in consequence the success was much more secure, profitable, and blazing, than it would be in the present times: as now every principal actor and actress's merit is as well understood and declaimed upon at the *Half Moon* or any other public

house, as if one of their own breed; almost every theatrical star having deigned to shine in all the principal theatres in the three kingdoms.

Now, in point of imitation, Mr. Foote was fair game, and allowed to be so even by the good company he was then engaged with at Crow-street.

My first appearance at Smock-alley that year was on Friday, January 4, 1760—Much Ado about Nothing—Benedick, Mr. Brown; Beatrice, Mrs. Abington.—With (never acted in this kingdom) The Diversions of the Morning; which I acted at Drury-Lane the season before for my own benefit.—Foote brought out a piece against me, which luckily failed?—He acted Lady Pentweazle in the first act as I did; in the second act he expected to do a great deal with his Tragedy A-la-Mode, but not having any person to relieve him, and trying the paste-board figures, it was with difficulty that part was suffered to finish: though after that time it did great matters at the Haymarket; but never so well as when we acted it together—he the author; and myself, dressed as the tragedy actor, was Golcondas the hero. The papers of next day gave the following account, I suppose from Mr. Brown the director.

“Last night, TASTE; or, The Diversions of the Morning, was performed at the theatre in Smock-alley. The uncommon applause with

which it was received, spoke the merit of the principal performer, and by particular desire will be performed again on Monday next.

“ To Mr. SAUNDERS, Printer.

“ SIR,

“ I SEND you an extract of a letter I found in Sycamore-alley this morning, which, as it contains theatrical news, may afford some entertainment. The original you or any one may see at any time; but as the cover was lost, I knew not to whom to return it.

James-street,

“ I am your humble servant,

16 Jan. 1760.

“ ZACH. JOHNSON.”

“ I have detached Foote’s pupil to help you to
 “ pull down those mighty Kings. God send he
 “ may have better success than the Ostrich; for
 “ that, I am told, never drew enough to pay its
 “ freight. He is all I can spare at present; a d—d
 “ clever fellow, and will work their buff. If he
 “ should fail he will be no loser, for he is continued on my pay. I beg you will be kind to
 “ him.—These cursed burletta people I took from
 “ Marybone have done nothing; I wish the devil
 “ had them. For God’s sake let me know if you
 “ think they would go down in Dublin, and I will
 “ hustle them off to you immediately. Tell the poor
 “ people to keep up their spirits, for they may de-

"pend upon every assistance that can be spared
"by, &c."

Before the performance I received a message from Mr. Barry with proposals for an engagement, which it was impossible to accept.—Foote said, "D——n the pug! what can he do against
"me? he is as ignorant as a whore's maid."

All my numerous good friends in Dublin were daily increasing, yet they much feared it would be impossible for me to succeed to any thing like advantage with such an indifferent company, and in so shabby a theatre; Mr. Ryder standing confessedly a good actor, but neither he nor Mrs. Abington had then rose to their well-deserved estimation; but my acquaintance assured me of their concurrence to support me.

On the morning of my first performance, a gentleman, (Mr. Coates) a subscriber, very intimate and warm in the interest of Crow-street theatre, said, he waited on me at the desire of his friends, Messrs. Barry and Woodward, to inform me, Mr. Barry in particular wished me every success, and I might rest assured on my benefit night they would not oppose any strength that might tend to my prejudice—at the same time begged permission to hint (and leave the consideration to my better judgment) that it would be extremely irksome to Mr. Barry, who was hazarding a deep game, and

had much at stake, to give the slightest opportunity for his enemies, the partizans of Mr. Sheridan's remaining party, to laugh at any little peculiarities of Mr. Barry's becoming an object for public ridicule by my talent of mimicry on the stage. Mr. Barry desired him to say, his theatre should always be open to receive me on any future occasion; and it might happen at some other time to suit both our interests for our mutual advantage; "and," added my visitor, "I sincerely wish Mr. Wilkinson, you will take my advice, for the friends of Messrs. Barry and Woodward are of the first consequence, and the leading people in the kingdom: they have now paid a high compliment to your abilities; and though, Mr. Wilkinson, I have undertaken this embassy, I assure you it is not entirely on their accounts, but chiefly on your own. I wish well to both parties; my friends well of Crow-street, and I wish you well as a young man early in life, under the patronage of my old acquaintance Mr. Chaigneau. Great disturbances often happen from trivial causes, and if your imitation of those gentlemen of Crow-street should occasion the exertion of their strength, and should they oppose you, where you now have one friend you will then have a thousand enemies; and it may fall heavy on you; whereas, if you act as by my advice, you will increase your connexions." These sentiments

coincided so nearly with my own, they were not harsh or unpalatable to me.

Mr. Chaigneau was a subscriber to Crow-street theatre, and had expressed himself uneasy on the subject: I rather suspect he was the instigator of this visit. I promised Mr. Coates to acquiesce; gave my compliments to Mr. Barry, and that he might depend on his request being complied with. The day after my appearance, Mr. Barry sent me a short letter of congratulation on the good reception he had heard I was favoured with the night before, and desired, when my benefit was, that I would instantly inform him, and inclose ten box tickets. Also the high breathing Mr. Mossop called, wondering, as we had both been at Drury-Lane the winter before, that I had not, soon after my arrival, been to see him and left a card of direction to Henry-court, Dame-street. He affected great ease and gaiety, neither of which sat easy; though a proud well-behaved man, he hoped we should be on friendly terms while I continued in Ireland. He did not express one syllable relative either to mimicry or what I had done, or intended to do, at Smock-alley theatre. On his departure he rung the bell for a pen and ink, and begged permission to leave a note of remembrance for six box tickets on my benefit night. I occasionally waited on Mr. Mossop in Henry-court, so we both

kept up the appearance of civility ; but I was not such a novice not to well know (like Polly in the Beggar's Opera) that all this wheedling was not for nothing ; and had he asked me to have drank, like Miss Peachum, I should not have poured any of his strong waters down my throat.

When the benefit came I sent the tickets—Mr. Mossop called in a few days and presented me with three guineas for his debt of honour :—Mr. Barry I called on, and sent to, but never got admittance. When my departure grew near, I really was urgent, and desired Mr. Mossop to mention it to him—he did one night, while he was acting Lear ; he sent a message after the play to see me the next noon ; (I had touched his pride ; if I had not, do not think I should have touched the cash). I did not omit being punctual ;—he met me with all those winning smiles and graces, for which he had few competitors on or off the stage. After many excuses, and rejoicing at my success, he presented me with five guineas, and apologized for begging my acceptance of such a *bagatelle*.—I assured him I was fully satisfied ; he asked me to dinner with all the appearance of sincerity, but I think I can pronounce he was better pleased, and more sincere, when it came to the short phrase of, *I wish you a good day, Mr. Wilkinon*. As he had

made the parade, I certainly was right to expect to be paid for my ten box tickets.

Barry, without doubt, possessed the art of pleasing persuasion beyond any man I ever saw: So thought the late Mr. Pelham. He was bewitching to hear, and dangerous to believe.

Previous to this account I should have mentioned, the second night of my performance was on Monday, January 7, *The Merchant of Venice*; Shylock, Mr. Brown; Portia, Mrs. Abington; and *Diversions of the Morning*. I believe there might be 40l. in the house. I took great pains—Mr. Foote was my chief food, and I was really and truly greatly approved.

The Duke and Duchess of Bedford honoured Smock-alley with a command on Monday, January 16.

My not interfering with the peculiarities of the gentlemen of Crow-street theatre (of which every one, more or less, had his share) certainly made me friends, and also rendered my time more easy and quiet. I was in a constant round of invitations and good Irish feasting.—While memory holds its seat in my distracted globe Dublin will never be erased thence, nor must I, in gratitude and duty to my friends there, and respect and pleasure to myself, ever forget, that my first guinea I dared fairly call my own was in Dublin. So

that my fair and lucky days I attribute to the genial soil of Old Ireland; my unlucky ones, but too often, I set down to my own account, with that mixture of vexation which lifts the ingredients of the poisoned chalice to my own lips. Indeed those who are blessed with hereditary, or chance affluence, or sufficient independence, where the post of honour is the private station, are the truly blessed; yet they are not exempt from ills, but certainly bid the fairest to possess content and happiness. I should like to try the experiment of independence; and who would not?

I acted, besides the Diversions of the Morning, that season, 1760, *King Lear*; *Zamti*, in the *Orphan of China*, repeatedly; *Mrs. Amlet*, &c. *Corinna*, *Mrs. Abington*; *Brass*, *Mr. Brown*; also myself *Lord Chalkstone* and the *Old Man*; *Mrs. Abington*, the *Frenchman*, with great applause; *I Cadwallader*, and that lady, *Becky*.

Mr. Foote's benefit at *Crow-street*, was on Tuesday, February 11th. I fixed mine at *Smock-alley* for Friday, February 15th.—*Mr. Foote's* play was *Love makes a Man*.—*Clody*, *Mr. Woodward*; *Don Cholerick*, (first time) *Mr. Foote*; with his *Tragedy A-la-Mode*:—His boxes, though fashionable, were not extremely well supported. The house, on the whole, did not amount to above one hundred pounds.

The weather on my benefit night was dreadful indeed, every combination of deep snow, storm, &c. Notwithstanding the theatre overflowed from every part, and almost as soon as the doors were opened even the orchestra was filled with gentlemen who got over; the greatest part of the pit was laid into the boxes.—At Crowstreet, they acted Measure for Measure.—Duke, Mr. Mossop; Lucio, Mr. Woodward; Isabella, Mrs. Fitzhenry, with Fortunatus, above 120l.—A Miss McNeale had a good Concert, and there were debates that night in the House of Commons. The receipt of my house was 172l. the greatest ever known at that time in that theatre. I mention this dreadful night as to weather, though a good blowing wind to me, not by any means to denote my consequence, but to have the reader note, what Dublin on a night of tempest and streets covered with snow could do, even at that time, when inclination prompted; as not my house only, but each place I have mentioned was well attended, though Dublin was not by a full third, I have reason to believe, what it is now, and a city growing not only more populous, but what is as good increasing in trade, opulence, and splendour. The eagerness for admittance was so extraordinary, that another night was desired for my advantage, and Mr. Brown, the manager,

complied on condition of sharing after 30l. which I agreed to. I had 60l. on Thursday, Feb. 21, in what is there termed outstanding tickets. My benefit this year in point of profit, besides the receipt being better, was far superior to my first benefit there in 1758. A very particular circumstance occasioned this, which honour and justice calls on me to explain.

The farce (as by bill) was *High Life below Stairs*. before my benefit happened Mr. Foote (who of all men in the world ought not to have been offended) found himself much hurt and wounded, and so little master of himself, that notwithstanding the unbounded liberties he had taken not only with the players, but also often to the disturbance of the peace of private families, as Mr. Langford, Mr. Aprice, Duchefs of Kingston, and various other persons might rise up at three different stage trap doors, like Richard's Ghosts, to declare and swear. He actually visited me in great wrath, attended by Mr. Larry Kennedy, and in Pistot like manner protested, "If I dared take any more liberties on the stage in future with him, he was determined the next day to call me to account." But I pursued my plan, and was obliged, amongst other favours to Mr. Foote, that he was not observant, but let me rest in quiet. We often met drawn up at noon in different parties in the Tri-

nity-College Gardens as perfect strangers, but never at any house of visiting ; if we had, his talent of wit would have forced me to have felt the severity of his lash. This surely is a striking instance how little we allow for the feelings of others, and how soon in general we are touched, galled, mortified, and enraged ourselves; that Mr. Foote should have felt himself hurt by my sallies of mimicry is not only strange ; but that he should be so weak as confess it, still more extraordinary, and made his visit to me a standing joke against him in the green-room. Every comprehension should retain,

Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow.

Indeed the only instance of true good humour and pleasantry, on such an occasion, was afforded to me by my old acquaintance, the late Mr. Holland, when he returned from his Liverpool summer excursion to London, early in September 1764, preparatory to the opening of Drury-Lane theatre, which was bordering on the close of the theatrical Hay-Market campaign: He was in the boxes at the representation of Tragedy A-la-Mode, where he was a visible witness to my similitude of his voice, manner, and mode of expression; he also perceived and felt the

uncommon applause that honoured my performance; he was himself at the instant convinced of the likeness. After the performance he supped at Mr. Foote's, and the never forgotten *Chace Price*, jokingly and provokingly asked Holland, How he admired himself in the Muse's looking glass that Mr. Wilkinson had that night shewn him? Holland with a laugh, attended with the greatest apparent good humour and non-chalance, declared, "That he was so well pleased with the specimen of himself, that if his friend Wilkinson could support a difficult character throughout equal to his performance that evening, he should pronounce him a most excellent actor." Chace Price, Foote, and every one of the social board united in paying compliments to Holland's proper and well timed opinion of the Tea he had sipped just before at the theatre, and unexpectedly pronounced it not unpleasant, but even palatable. Except that visit from Mr. Foote, with Mr. Kennedy in Dublin, we had never spoke from his refusal to play for me at Drury-Lane, in the spring 1759, which cruel refusal as I then judged it, turned out a most fortunate though unforeseen occurrence to me.

The managers of Crow-street had to boast of the excellent performance of their plays; the novelty of Woodward's pantomimes, got up at a

great expence, Foote's pieces, and the amazing attraction of Mr. Macklin, and his attention to Love-a-la-Mode that season, being its first representation in Ireland:—It was thus acted—Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, Mr. Barry; Sir Archy M'Sarcasm, Mr. Macklin; Sir Theodore, Mr. Walker; Beau Mordecai, Mr. Messink, (excellent in a superior degree) Squire Groom, Mr. Woodward.—With this army in dread array, they neglected what I luckily thought of, the then new entertaining little farce of High Life below Stairs, brought out at Drury-Lane, so early as the month of October that season. It was often acted before Mrs. Abington's departure and mine for Ireland, so we were both perfect in all the minutiae of the farce, or what we term the *stage business*; very material points in getting up a piece with correctness. Each character was within the compass of our little troop—one and all with very little attention and care to appear to advantage; besides having the great addition of originality, it was well drawn for the compass of middling abilities to comprehend and execute: so that, take it for all in all, High Life below Stairs was a strong chance of good novelty, and was attended with very little extraordinary expence, which was another convenience to our manager, as he was to pay for what I revived or produced for my

nights' entertainments.—No comparison could be drawn to our disadvantage—another favourable point.—Mrs. Abington approved of my thought for that farce, and she not only consented, but seemed pleased with Mrs. Kitty; and though she had played several leading characters, yet our receipts only ran from 20*l.* to 25*l.* and at best 40*l.* in general, one night with the other. She laboured under great disadvantages, and such as much repelled her endeavours to get admittance in the Court of Fame; for though she was much approved, yet as she had not then a London stamp, and as Mrs. Dancer was firmly established in Dublin her merit was much forgot when her guests were departed.

My night being so well and fashionably attended, not only by a crowded, but a most brilliant pit and boxes, and the heavy play of Douglas but indifferently acted, and must have appeared to great disadvantage when comparisons were drawn by an impartial review of the different theatres.—However, it was set out, not only with composure, but, really, applause:—we were perfect, which will ever help indifferent acting, and my age was very proper for the part of Douglas; they were pleased to applaud me in it, and that dismal story gave double force and a relish to our farce. My Tea had long been sanctioned, and I had credit for all my

imitations, had they not been so good as they were ; but they had not any opinion of our farce, though manufactured in London, as Mr. Garrick seldom at first put his name to any piece till its success was signed ; therefore, not having a good author's name, they concluded, had it merited any notice it would not have escaped the scrutinizing eye of Mr. Woodward ; they did not consider, or sufficiently know, that with Barry's and Mossop's tragedies, Woodward's comedies and pantomimes, and Macklin's *Love A-la-Mode*, they had worked all their buffs, and Macklin had drilled even the managers well at Rehearsals, which altogether, with Foote's pieces, &c. cut out such work for the season, as racked their inventions to get finished and produced ; so my audience only expected a poor farce, and as poorly acted, which would be treated with the laugh of the pit, and sneering contempt would finish the evening's entertainment.——But half the first act had not passed before looks of universal surprise and satisfaction overspread every countenance with unceasing satisfaction.—Mr. Ryder's Sir Harry was charming—Mr. Gates was a very conceited actor ; all his faults and oddities served but to heighten the extravagance of my Lord Duke—Mr. Heaton's Phillip as well as such a part could be done, and he was a very good actor in all the dry clowns,

clodpoles, &c.—Miss Phillips (aunt to the present Mrs. Jordan) our heroine, who was also of a conceited turn, though sensible and well educated, made the part of Lady Bab better than any other actress I ever saw attempt it.—Myself, from observation and youth, must have been stupid indeed not to have been a very good Jemmy, the *country boy*; and as the great personage always appears last in triumphal entries and processions—so in Kitty, Mrs. Abington advanced; the whole circle were in surprise and rapture, each asking the other how such a treasure could have possibly been in Dublin, and in almost a state of obscurity; such a jewel was invaluable, and their own tastes and judgments they feared would justly be called in question, if this daughter of Thalia was not immediately taken by the hand and distinguished as her certain and striking merit demanded.

The same farce was repeated the week following, with the Orphan of China, Feb. 21; Zamti, Mr. Wilkinson, which I had before acted, and had been well received in the character.—The Crow-street managers advertised against it, that they had dresses preparing in London which were to be sent over, and intimating Mr. Murphy, the author, would follow to see it rehearsed; to which Mr. Brown replied in the following paragraph:

"The Orphan of China, being a tragedy not any way difficult or mysterious to those who do not require to be parroted in their parts, we can assure the public that it is now in perfect readiness, and will be performed this evening at the theatre in Smock-alley, without the assistance of the author: For as plays are sometimes revived long after the writer's decease, what would become of them in a theatre where it is found essentially necessary for the poet to attend the latter rehearsals? And, as to the dresses, neither the Chinese or Tartar are absolutely unknown in Ireland; therefore, it is hoped, it will not be objected as a fault, that we have not gone to London either for design or materials."

Mandane was acted by Miss Ibbott—a lady of merit in speaking blank verse. There was 150 l. in the house the second night of High Life, and it went off, if possible, with more eclat than on the first representation, and Abington resounded in all parts of the theatre. I remember the second night of High Life, Mrs. Abington said to me (with great propriety) "Good God, Mr. Wilkin-son! what could provoke you to blunder so? why should you think of a tragedy when you had reason to expect so fine a house, as the company are not equal to the performance?" Certainly her being so noticed in Kitty would, in speculation,

I. 6.

have been materially bettered with that lady in a leading character in comedy; the house would have felt much injured and diminished in profit had half price been taken, but it neither was then, nor ever since has been, the custom to take under full price in Dublin.——I had a strong party made again by my friends, which, with Mrs. Abington's name, settled the business to my advantage; but I told her my reason for taking a tragedy was solely that its gravity might aid and give spirit when the new farce came on: The truth was, I wanted to entertain myself with acting Mr. Garrick's part of the Chinese Zamti, in which I was so fortunate as actually to please beyond mediocrity, though dressed in an old red damask bed gown, which was what we termed the *stock bed gown* for Brabantio and many other parts, and had for time immemorial been of that venerable use, and bore the marks of many years faithful servitude.

I was certainly lucky in my two nights answering with such swimming success, and more fortunate still, when I inform the reader, twenty-four hours after would have given the last night a severe blow, and greatly prejudiced it; for the next day, not only an alarm was received, but several expresses arrived, that Thurot had actually landed at Carrickfergus. This of course caused the ar-

my to march by beat of drum instantly, to give immediate assistance and repel the invaders; and it naturally occasioned a general panic and confusion, and was the topic of universal conversation throughout the city of Dublin: Even the Abington that day was not mentioned.—It quickly subsided, and Mons. Thurot made an unfortunate retreat, as stands on well-known record.

High Life below Stairs was perpetually acted, and with never-failing success.—In ten days after its being performed, *Abington's cap* was so much the taste with the ladies of fashion and ton, that there was not a milliner's shop-window, great or small, but was adorned with it, and in large letters ABINGTON appeared to attract the passers by. This Abington-rage Woodward endeavoured to suppress by ridicule, not here fit to be described, but all to little, or rather to no purpose, for her reputation as an actress daily increased, though on the remote ground of an unfashionable ill-supported theatre.

I have neglected to mention the play of Barbarossa at Crow-street, on Monday, January 28:—Achmet, Mr. Mossop; Barbarossa, Mr. Sowden; and Zaphira, Mrs. Fitzhenry.—After which was performed, (in two acts) a new comedy called the Minor.—The principal characters by Mr. Woodward, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Sowden, Mr. Vernon,

Mr. Walker, Miss *White*, and Mr. Foote; which piece had, during Mr. Foote's whole residence, been constantly puffed in the papers, and great things were expected from it, as he himself had been acting and repeating all the best strokes at every table wherever he was invited, or on whatever parties he was engaged. His connexions were fashionable and extensive, and this long conversation of the Minor promised great matters;—the house was full. It was then only produced as a little comedy of two acts—Smirk, the auctioneer, was not then inserted, though he had talked much about it, and told many stories of Mr. Langford, whom he aimed the character at.—Dr. Squintum's Whitfieldian epilogue was not wrote.—The other scenes were much the same as when produced at the Haymarket the summer following—nor was there the now printed introduction.—Shift, Mr. Foote did me the honour to write as a satire on me, which part he acted so as to convey to the audience that Wilkinson was the person whom he describes thus (speaking as Shift):

Shift. You must know then, that Fortune, which frequently delights to raise the noblest structures from the simplest foundations; who from a tailor made a pope, from a gin-shop an empress, and many a prime minister from nothing at all, has thought fit to raise me to my present height,

from the humble employment of "Light your honour," a link boy.

Sir William Wealthy. A pleasant fellow!—Who were your parents?

Shift. I was produced, Sir, by a left-handed marriage, in the language of the newspapers, between an illustrious lamplighter, and an eminent itinerant cat and dog butcher—"Cat's meat and dog's meat! Hearts, liver, lights, or a good sheep's heart!"—I dare say you have heard my mother, Sir?—But as to this happy pair I owe little besides my being, I shall drop them where they dropt me—in the streets. My first knowledge of the world I owe to a school which has produced many a great man, the avenues of the playhouse. There, Sir, leaning on my extinguished link, I learned dexterity from pickpockets, connivance from constables, politics and fashions from footmen, and the art of making and breaking a promise from their masters. "Here, firrah! light me across the kennel."—"I hope your Honour will remember poor Jack."—"You ragged rascal, I have no halfpence—I'll pay you the next time I see you."—But, lack-a-day, Sir, that next time I saw as seldom as his tradesmen.

Sir William. Very well.

Shift. To these accomplishments from without the theatre, I must add one that I obtained within.

Sir William. How did you gain admittance there?

Shift. My merit, Sir, that, like my link, threw a radiance round me. I moved the compassion of one of the performers, a whimsical man, he took me into his service. — My master was remarkably happy in an art which however disesteemed at present, is by Tully reckoned among the perfections of an orator—mimicry.

Sir William. Why, you are deeply read, Mr. Shift?

Shift. A smattering. — But as I was saying, Sir, nothing came amiss to my master. Bipedes, or quadrupeds; rationals; or animals; from the clamour of the bar, to the cackle of the barn-door; all were objects of his imitations, and my attention. In a word, Sir, for two whole years, under this learned professor, I studied and starved, impoverished my body, and pampered my mind; till thinking myself pretty near equal to my master, *I made him one of his own bows, and set up for myself.*

All this part went off very well, as they soon felt the joke, laughed and applauded; nor did I dislike it myself, quite the contrary; for had I been really as described, it was not my fault, I could not have helped it. His Transfer's scene went

off but very so, so; and Mrs. Cole, by Mr. Woodward, very bad indeed: for though great entertainment was expected from him, and he was dressed with the utmost pains and study, an article to which he paid much attention and consideration, yet his performance completely d——d the farce; he could not but with the utmost difficulty obtain permission to finish the part, it gave great disgust; he lolled out his tongue and played some tricks to help it, which only added to its damnation.—Mr. Woodward having Mrs. Cole only to act, made the dressing of that beldam much more complete than any other actor could do who had Shift and the other parts to equip and then dress again, and it had that advantage on his first entrance: but all favour soon vanished; for when Mrs. Cole complained of her rheumatism, his manner was thought indecent by the gentlemen, and all the ladies seemed offended with the character itself. Mr. Foote gave it out for some future evening with considerable alterations, but it was not attempted again, nor did he play, I believe, after his benefit, Feb. 11. He acted on shares, and was so surrounded with Mr. Macklin, and the other performers of strength, that the expedition was by no means profitable to him. The locality of the piece was one reason that caused its unhappy fate,

and another was, it had not the London fashion. So the Minor was turned out destitute of friends and fortune.—That piece was then condemned in Dublin, though supported by great actors; but in a few months after, in London, raised its head, and did wonders.

From dear Dublin and good friends I took my farewell early in March, and left Mrs. Abington going on in full career to reach the pinnacle, where she has many years sat smiling, and been looked at and admired with sincere pleasure and respect by the first persons in both the kingdoms: At that juncture she had many disadvantages to struggle with, such as the encountering Barry's, Woodward's, Mossop's, Fitzhenry's, and Dancer's benefit nights at Crow-street, which summonses the Dublin world obeyed; and Smock-alley, which had sometimes by luck her attractions and chance benefits, &c. dragged on per force, but on the ides of March was on the verge of a certain downfall.—Plays were thus acted then in Crow-street: The Orphan.—Castalio, Mr. Barry; Chamont, Mr. Mossop; Polydore, Mr. Dexter; Monimia, Mrs. Dancer; and all the other characters well dressed and supported, as may be supposed, by referring to the list of the company, with the advantage of new scenery, a new and elegant theatre, &c.——

All for Love.—Marc Antony, Mr. Barry; Dolabella, Mr. Jefferson; Ventidius, Mr. Mossop; Octavia, Mrs. Dancer; Cleopatra, Mrs. Fitzhenry.—Alexander the Great cast in the same manner.—Comedies, with Woodward, Macklin, Mrs. Kennedy, Vernon, &c. with the persons just mentioned: So that, take it all together, it was equal to any company I ever saw in London, and much better than I have frequently seen there: Though the old house was sinking rapidly, had not Mrs. Abington by her strength of arm upheld it; yet it was indeed restored to its ancient dignity and family honours for one joyful happy night of ecstasy, and that was no less than on the enjoyment of The Abington, at what might truly be called *her own night*.

A strange play for Mrs. Abington to chuse it was! A New Way to pay Old Debts, March 17; but she made amends by other performances that evening: On which occasion the old, the young, the gay, all bowed at her shrine, as the temple of Thalia, such ascendancy had she thus quickly acquired over the public opinion.—This attachment towards the latter end of the season did not cease with the million; for, it is true, to attend the falling theatre was grown a great *bore*; yet still languishing for Abington, and wishing to see her

on a better cultivated and good promising soil for her merit to be nourished and matured by a perpetual sunshine, a party of leading persons proposed her acting a few nights at Crow-street before the theatrical campaign closed ; gave assurance of patronage on her nights of performance, and on a clear night being promised and fixed for Mrs. Abington in return for her support to the manager's nights, she complied with their desire.

Mrs. Abington had not any occasion to request this change of place or accumulation of honours, as they were not owing to solicitation on her part, but the persons of distinction were stimulated to this desire by their eagerness to satisfy themselves by seeing the new favourite transplanted amidst the gaudy flowers of Crow-street, where they did not doubt but she would soon gain a state of distinction, whenever the artists of theatrical florists met to signalize, distinguish, and decide the claims to the prizes when they scrutinized on the play-house auriculas and the gaudy tulips.

All that was contracted for by the persons of quality for the managers and Mrs. Abington was, I believe, strictly abided by, faithfully executed, and answered to the infinite satisfaction of all parties. The persons of lead and fashion were entertained and paid for their purchase of choice, not compulsion ; the managers got money.—Mrs.

Abington had a surprising and magnificent audience at her benefit—so I can guess they were all pleased:—Not that I would venture to pronounce all were entirely satisfied, for there never can be great promotion at the real court, or behind the theatrical curtain, but it must and will affect and hurt the minds of those concerned. A lord disappointed of his court expectation seldom (I will not say never) rejoices at the preference given to another: So the actor or actress, buoyed up with the pleasing tide of success, must be alarmed when he or she not only hears, but feels the treading of the kibe by a courtier or new-raised favourite.

It not only is galling, but more is really to be said for it than is always allowed: that merit should be cherished and raise its head, is a first principle and duty from the audience and the manager; but when considered as a lessening of pride and income to another, it is a serious matter to the soul so piqued, nor are any minds so soon hurt on the least frivolous occasions as those of the theatre; and sometimes it happens a phenomenon really starts up.—Mrs. Jordan, four years ago only, playing at York at 11. 11s. 6d. per week, was thought really very clever by London performers who saw her there, but all said it would not do among them; yet by great luck, great good fortune indeed, and to be for an hundred

years at least remembered in theatrical annals, she in two years afterwards made even the London managers dread her frown, her non-compliance, her elopement, her tooth-ach, or her any phantom of horror which she has threatened them with, to the terror of Tragedy itself, and made them comply with the most exorbitant terms.—A happy lot indeed! A happy rise!—I hope it will last her life, and with care make her career successful, as it has so providentially and wonderfully begun.

Mrs. Jordan is certainly the lucky child of Fortune, lulled, caressed, and nursed in the lap of Nature: she is undoubtedly the reigning Thalia of the age 1790, and deservedly so; and to her comic talents, archness, whim, and fancy, I submissively bow, and also acknowledge her humanity and goodness to her late parent:—But am compelled, as Mr. Manager, to declare, like Mr. Foote in his Devil upon Two Sticks, (as greatness knows itself) that Mrs. Jordan, at making a bargain, is too many for the cunningest devil of us all.

Speaking of Mrs. Abington's merit, in the comic line, occasioned my introducing Mrs. Jordan's name at the same time; and as I cannot yet quit Mrs. Abington's situation, whom I left at her great benefit in Dublin, it may be easily supposed,

from her being so happily transplanted, that she derived many advantages from playing with Mr. Woodward, Mr. Macklin, and other regulars; nor was Mr. Woodward a loser, but a gainer by the acquisition to his stage; as Mrs. Abington rebounded the ball equal to the force with which Woodward struck it.—But now another irksome matter arose in consequence of her success; where our passions or partialities are predominant, it is not always reason can be listened to or obeyed. It was very apparent, from motives of policy and sound judgment that Mrs. Abington should be engaged on the most eligible terms, otherwise they could not hope such a rising actress would article. To this Woodward did not hesitate, as it assisted his comedies, and an agreement was settled for the following winter. But when it is considered Mrs. Dancer then played all the principal characters in comedy as well as in tragedy, it made the sea of Crow-street troubled; the waves that looked calm turned to rough breakers, and the open sea to rise and threaten a storm: for when those ladies acted in the same plays, as in the *Lady's Last Stake*, Mrs. Dancer played Mrs. Conquest, Mrs. Abington Miss Notable; (by the bye, Mrs. Jordan, why have you neglected Miss Notable!)—In *Love for Love*, Angelica, Mrs. Dancer; Miss Prue, Mrs. Abington; and many

other plays where they were often mutually concerned, and sometimes where Mrs. Abington was the rival Fine Lady, which some plays admit, where the parts are of equal consequence. Miss Notable and Miss Prue, from the archness and excellent acting of Mrs. Abington, seemed to have the decision at the winning post for fame; but I must observe, those comic characters will ever, when well supported, obtain the loud applause, however well acted Mrs. Conquest and Angelica may be by any actresses whatever, as the hoydens are so well calculated for what we term *stage effect*.

This division of hands from the upper and lower part of the house, it was not likely Mrs. Dancer (as queen of the theatre) could relish or gulp down by any means to make the Abington pleasing or agreeable. This proved, and grew offensive to Mr. Barry, as he was then as passionate an inamorato as ever youthful poet fancied when he loved, and would have thrown immediate bars to the engagement with Mrs. Abington, and greatly impeded her rapid good fortune, had not a sudden and important matter of astonishment at that time started up to the amazement of every faculty of eyes, ears, &c. for Barry and Woodward, lulled in their long wished for security, became the dupes of their own

arts, and made the wandering prodigal (Woodward) begin seriously to reflect, and severely repent his foolish conduct in leaving his enviable situation in London, and above all the horror of losing what he had saved with so much care. This dreadful alarm was no less than the certainty of a report being confirmed as real, which at first they treated as unlikely, vague, and impossible; but it proved strictly true, that Mr. Mossop from the encouragement and instigation of all his friends, and patronized by the Countess of Brandon, of powerful sway, with many leaders of fashion, had certainly taken Smock-alley theatre on a long lease, purposing many expensive and gaudy alterations, &c. to oppose Crow-street, in the month of October the ensuing season. Barry and Woodward (to prevent if possible this dreadful undertaking) made him liberal offers; nay, even humbled themselves before him, to intreat Mossop to name his own terms. All this only increased his pride, and he scorned at every kindness or emolument, submitted to his acceptance and consideration: they even offered him one thousand pounds English, and two benefits whenever he chose to take them; but all would not do, though they certainly would have been losers by his acceptance: but their situation was desperate; therefore all they could do was right,

if by any means they could have effectually prevented such an opposition: Mossop's pride and obstinacy was however bent on monarchy, and so he was the cause of mutual ruin; but he at last suffered in a peculiar degree of punishment.

He had saved a decent fortune, and by the absence of Barry, could have commanded a first station in London at either theatre, whenever he pleased, or wished a change from Dublin; but his pride was predominant over reason, so he prostrated fame, fortune, health, and peace of mind, headlong at the shrine of vanity, where sycophants hailed him with songs of triumph in full chorus, but his festal days were few, and not to be envied.

To look over this, it seems as if I meant to write a history of the Irish stage, for which I am by no means competent: My only reason for inserting all these fluctuating chances here, is to make it plain in the course of my narrative, what was the ground-work for my changes of situation in the several places, on my repeated visits to Dublin in particular. And to any lady or gentleman unacquainted with stage affairs, they will be better able to judge, by being thus brought into a little acquaintance with matters of fact.

Barry and Woodward on this act of hostility being put into actual force, were from necessity glad

to secure Mrs. Abington; and I do suppose, however she might fear foul play from Mr. Barry and Mrs. Dancer, thought Woodward to 'act with was a great point, much better than being at Mossop's new theatre, without such a partner to support her; Mossop being out of her walk, and Woodward the Comedian: she therefore depended on his interest and candour for her consequence in the comic line. Mrs. Fitzhenry was also secured, and by so doing they looked upon Mr. Mossop not so formidable, as they knew the situation of London had no tragedy woman to spare; and Mossop's whole forte was there only. Mossop had thought himself certain of Mrs. Fitzhenry, as she had not expressed herself happy or contented with Mrs. Dancer's power; which sometimes occasioned little heart burnings and discontents: whereas with Mossop she might have been sole empress.— However Barry seeing the danger, turned very complying; and enlarging her terms, with other douceurs, she thought it wiser to stay with Barry and observe Mossop's success for a year, and then judge how far it would be prudent to trust her feet on the slippery ways of Smock-alley. Mossop snuffed the air, and breathed hard at Mrs. Fitzhenry's preferring Barry; but hearing how perplexed Mrs. Bellamy's finances were, and in such a deranged state that she could not with safety

make her public appearance in London, thought if he could seduce her over to Dublin for the winter his fortune would be made in a hurry, though at any price. He therefore articked to give her not less than one thousand pounds and two benefits, with a *charte blanche*, to act only what she pleased to fix on.

Mrs. Bellamy had performed Juliet with Mr Garrick in London, on its first great run, and supported a principal line of characters in both the London theatres. Her benefits were brilliant; so she had fashion and name, with the London currency, to insure her reception, and had been in Dublin when Mr. Sheridan was manager, where Mr. Garrick acted at the same time, and was esteemed their first actress, was looked at as a charming elegant young woman, and was the universal toast in Ireland, 1747. Her character was also at that juncture respectable, and she was received as a fashionable gentlewoman in several of the first families there. All these points considered, certainly afforded Mossop sufficient grounds to entertain great promise of success; yet this noble fancied structure in one night fell to the ground and lay as neglected rubbish, unless occasionally making use of her best materials; but as to being a substantial support to the theatre, it was merely visionary, and not to be relied on for real services.

Mossop as a manager made his first appearance in *Pierre in Venice Preserved*, in November 1760; Belvidera, Mrs. Bellamy, being the first night of her performing. Expectation was so great, that the house filled as fast as the people could thrust in, with or without paying. On speaking her first line behind the scenes——

“Lead me ye virgins, lead me to that kind voice.”

It struck the ears of the audience as uncouth and unmusical; yet she was received, as was prepared and determined by all who were her or Mr. Mossop's friends, and the public at large, with repeated plaudits on her *entrée*. But the roses were fled! the young, the once lovely Bellamy was turned haggard! and her eyes that used to charm all hearts, appeared sunk, large, hollow, and ghastly.—O time! time! thy glass should be often consulted! for before the short first scene had elapsed, disappointment, chagrin, and pity, sat on every eye and countenance.

Mrs. Bellamy had left Dublin when in her zenith, in May 1748, and did not revisit it till that November 1760. Mossop's friends were void of humanity when they thought of his danger; and she that was to do all, instead of that, they judged, would do more injury than service:

yet she was unavoidably in justice by article, to be paid one thousand pounds, and to have two benefits. By the end of the third act, they were all (like Bobadil) planet struck; the other two acts hobbled through. Mossop was cut to the heart, and never played Pierre (one of his best parts) so indifferently as on that night. The curtain dropped, and poor Bellamy never after drew a single house there. And by her mode of boundless extravagant living she got so deep in debt, that she was often arrested when she was to play, and the audience sometimes obliged to be dismissed. Indeed in her memoirs she mentions her being arrested there herself: which, added to her living publicly with Mr. Digges, though at the same time foolishly wishing it to be understood, that she was wife to Mr. Calcraft, altogether sunk her into universal contempt and insignificance. She left Dublin without a single friend to regret her loss. What a change from the days of her youth! and, as an actress of note, her name never more ranked in any theatre, nor did she ever again rise in public estimation.

Cardinal Wolsey's remarks may be applied equally as an observation to either sex, where he speaks thus:—

Such is the state of man. To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
 The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do.

They might serve also for Mossop, who often
 asked that part, and actually died almost perishing
 for want at Chelsea, without common necessities,
 food, or clothing, and was carried to his place of
 rest, without leaving the means of payment for
 his burial rites.

Alas! poor Mossop and Bellamy! may you rest
 in peace, and prove an awful, useful lesson, which
 shews that their own errors, and not the rod of
 God brought on their miseries and dreadful end.
 Mossop on his death-bed might truly speak as the
 Cardinal, and surely Wolsey could not have been
 prouder, and that pride he never lost but with his
 last breath——

——I have ventured,

Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.

Thus poor Bellamy, who once lolled in her

chair, and rolled in her chariot and all the vanities of the world, ended her days in a prison.

Mr. Mossop and Mrs. Bellamy once followed and admired, fell equal victims to the griping hand of penury, without one friendly hand to close their eye lids. Indeed a clergyman of Chelsea, at his own expence paid for his *poor* coffin, and kindly performed his funeral rites.—This conveys a lesson to myself and every one: That friend in need (MONEY) is the truest, and prevents a desertion of those we term such: for while there is any thing in hand to give, there will always be some kind attendant ready to take; But distress, like *lending* money, is too often the loss of friends, and the triumph and contempt of enemies, who had envied the prosperity, even though that prosperity had bestowed favours on their own wants. There I am grieved to observe (to the disgrace of human feelings) such hardened minds as will exultingly triumph over the miseries of those from whom they have been even cherished and supported; and may well make the unfortunate bitterly reflect, like Jane Shore, that——

Those who blessed, *now* curse me to my face.

Also like what Lear expresses——

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand.
For lifting food to it?

And surely to aggravate the distressed and destitute, is little better than a knave or villain's office.

Certainly had I been provident of what I had accumulated, it would have proved by this time like a tontine, a decent independent income; yet I have not been singular, as the wise, and truly cautious, careful Woodward, was guilty of the same imprudence, and spoke his public recantation as the prodigal returned.

The late anecdotes relative to the once glittering and splendid appearance of the great and proud Mossop, and the unthinking, pompous, vain, and foolish Bellamy, have occasioned in my reverie the recollection of a fatal fair one, who in her time of luxury and affluence must be to this day still well remembered by many. I mean the greatly admired, followed, and once celebrated Lucy Cooper; and few (if any) are exempt from woe. Her faults and frailties were so numberless, that the strictly rigorous, armed with virtuous austerity, would perhaps wish such a wretch (as they will disdainfully term that poor unfortunate) to be wiped from the annals of remembrance, and not allow any trait to be retained; but let such very good persons bless God for their uncommon lot of superabundant goodness, relax a little from their severity, return

thanks for their *heaven-like* superiority, and permit a drop of pity to fall as a tribute to that late forlorn, well known character.

Lucy Cooper, from the year 1756 till 1767, was as great a toast as can be remembered in the court of Comus, and she herself was the first Bacchant of the age. Her company, when in the gay circle she presided at the social board, absolutely gave inspiration to each flowing soul; as in point of good sense, combined with wit and humour, if she did not surpass, she was certainly equal as a *bon vivant* to any person of either sex that I ever remember. Her faults, it is true, were numberless, and I fear weigh heavy in the scale; but truth can more than a little balance, and counterpoise the other side with generosity, friendship, feeling, attended by boundless charity and humanity. Surely such qualities will more than a little preponderate with the truly religious good mind and considerate disposition? I have often regretted for her miseries; for when subsistence had fled, and her charms for mankind had satiated, her good became neglected and forgotten, as it had never been. I was grieved when she was relieved by death, that she was not permitted to linger a little longer here on earth, in her abode of sorrow, penance, penitence, and affliction, merely to have gra-

tified my own self-love, and to have proved my true regard and esteem for her real worth. Lucy Cooper was in the early part of her life, elegantly provided for by the late Sir Orlando Bridgeman, whose settlement she in a pet threw into the fire. Indeed had that not been the case, there is too much reason to suggest, it would soon have had some fatal and unthinking finish, as prudence was not in Lucy's catalogue of perfections, and never visited her bedside until it was too late to help her on this side the grave. Little histories are introduced even in works of sterling merit, I therefore here need not apologise for this short introduction relative to the elegant, though not the beautiful Lucy Cooper.

As the pen of nature will speak for itself far more forcibly and superior to that of art, I will request permission to insert one or two letters from that frail object—they cannot offend the chastest peruser; but will be a lesson to those at present probably deviating from rectitude, and plunging in riot, debauchery, and extravagance; and also afford satisfaction to those who are still surviving, and remember that the said Lucy Cooper, who was once the lively, the spirited, and in many respects, the amiable and inestimable.

LETTER I.

To TATE WILKINSON, Esq;

“ THIS morning at ten I had the pleasure of
 “ your letter, and am happy to find my dear friend
 “ Tate has still a thought to bestow on such an
 “ unfortunate being as Lucy Cooper; not one
 “ except yourself of all my acquaintance has sent
 “ near me since I have been here, which is up-
 “ wards of five months. Now I know you are
 “ in town, I shall think every day an age until I
 “ see you; therefore, if you do not come soon,
 “ I shall think you only meant your letter to mor-
 “ tify me. As bad as this place is I can get you
 “ something that you will like for dinner, therefore
 “ hope when you do come, you will oblige me
 “ with as much of your company as is convenient
 “ to yourself. I cannot entertain you with India
 “ bonds as I once did; and to hear my distresses,
 “ I flatter myself will be disagreeable to my good
 “ friend Tate; so for that day, I will set aside all
 “ reflection, and only think how I can make such
 “ a place as this agreeable to one who I shall
 “ ever retain the greatest sense of gratitude and
 “ sincere friendship for. Dear Snub, yours,

“ LUCY COOPER.”

P. S “ Do not make any ceremony—you will
 “ be sure to find me at home.”

King's Bench, Jan. 5, 1769.

From her misery in the King's Bench prison, after surmounting innumerable difficulties, not to be described, and those difficulties accompanied with variety of wretchedness, by the assistance of a very FEW remaining friends, she was released; but they soon in general deserted her, and many not without upbraidings.—O summer friendship! whose flattering leaves that shadowed us in our prosperity, with the least gust drop off in the autumn of adversity.

The following year, 1770, this afflicted unfortunate one was immersed (if possible) in a more deplorable situation, surrounded by illness, woe, and calamity, as the following will fully ascertain, and I prophecy will give a twinge to the soul of sensibility.

LETTER II.

To TATE WILKINSON, *Esq;*

“ SOME few days ago, I heard my dear friend
“ was in town, and have much wondered at my
“ not seeing you—sure I have not lost your friend-
“ ship, which always made me happy! I know
“ your goodness of heart too well to suppose it is
“ because I am distressed:—Oh, dear Tate! God
“ only knows what I have suffered for this last
“ month past, confined to my bed without any
“ one to assist me; every thing, even to my bed

" gown, gone to support life, *which I am afraid is*
 " *of short duration.* In short, my mind is as
 " much disordered as my body; for it is hard when
 " I think how much I have had it in my power,
 " to be so reduced as I am: I hope I shall see you
 " before you leave town—I am sure the sight of
 " you will enliven me; for as bad as I am at this
 " time, I think I can find strength to laugh a
 " little bit with you.—

" I am, your much obliged,

Bow-street,

" humble servant,

Jan. 20, 1770.

" L. COOPER."

I trust the wise Disposer of our brittle clay tene-
 ments permitted, in her last moments, a forgiving
 angel to speak peace to her sad heart; and that she,
 by the remission of sin, has partook of that bliss,
 graciously promised to the sinner that gives joy in
 heaven over ninety and nine by true repentance.—
 Calista's lines may here, without impropriety, be
 quoted as her epitaph, had she a tomb stone—

That fatal form, which drew on thy undoing,
 Fasting, and tears, and hardships did destroy,
 Nor light, nor food, nor comfort did you know,
 Nor ought that could continue hated life:
 Thus when we view thee meagre, wan, and chang'd,
 Stretch'd at thy length, and dying in thy cave,
 Let each good mind relent, and sighing say,
 At length thy tears have washed thy stains away,

At length 'twas time thy punishment should cease,
Rest then poor suffering wretch, and be at peace.,

As one grave story and reflection leads the mind to another, and as moralizing is not to me very habitual, I will hasten from the subject, mount my hobby, and once again chat on stage matters.

I perceive, that being under the necessity of mentioning many excellent performers, it is very tiresome, in so many pages, to read the words much applause, great applause, much approbation, acclamations, shouts, with a long list of *etceteras*. I have therefore dropped my pen, and looked into many good authors and morning-papers for more various means of expression, so as to make it more palatable, if possible, to the reader; but I find in all theatrical books and papers those constant repetitions, with this difference, many of those stage critiques have judgment and genius, of which I lament my being so destitute; so, kind reader, take the will for the deed: And though I have made the remark, I find my fingers tingle to be again at some *monstrous* applause, astonishing, charming, delightful or amazing performer. I will begin again with the great man, *Wilkinson*, as the hero of the book, and remark, though I troubled the reader with my Dublin account till some time in Mr. Mossop's first winter season as manager in 1760, yet I must recur to myself when I was

stepping into the packet for Holyhead early in March 1760, previous to the occurrences mentioned, most part happening after 1760, and left the following note a few days before for Williamson's Universal Advertiser, and Mr. George Falkner's Dublin Journal.

“ Mr. Wilkinfon's speedy call to London prevents his waiting on the nobility and gentry to return them his acknowledgments for the signal marks of favour and approbation with which they have honoured his attempts to please. He cannot in this manner beg they will accept of them; hoping, that with more experience he may hereafter be able to entertain them in a manner more equal to the elegance of their taste.”

I got to London with my pockets well lined; my worthy mother was as rejoiced to see me as if I had returned from the perils of an East-India voyage. I soon went to court, (Mr. Garrick's court) paid my homage to my patron, and returned him his twenty guineas, which I soon repented of, and do honestly declare it is the only act like a fraud I ever could have pardoned in myself; but I wish I had not paid him so hastily, as I afterwards had a full right to have retained it as my own:—he seemed really glad to see me, and wished me joy a thousand times.

On the Saturday of the second week, after I had announced my return from my granted furlough, I of course was ready to mount guard, had my general ordered me to do so. I had his own prepared article in force, and was not a deserter, but honourably returned before my full leave of absence had expired. On my bow to the treasurer, demanding my enormous salary, and asking for only one week as due after being two in town, to my astonishment he refused my pittance: I urged my article, saw Mr. Garrick, and spoke to him on the business:—He said, he had more than paid my salary in permitting me to visit Ireland, and again refused payment as in 1758. I found altercation would not answer any purpose, and that it was in vain to persist, though in fact it was, in plain English, a cheating, low, mean trick, unworthy not only Mr. Garrick in his elevated situation, but must be judged ungenerous, mean, and dishonest between man and man, unblest with his abilities, genius, and fortune. But where avarice is the ground-work of the mind it will stoop beneath itself to gratify self-love.——

But little rogues must suffer fate,
That great ones may enjoy their state.

For this fixed refusal of Mr. Garrick's there could be no remedy, as law would be a hazardous ex-

periment for a young actor; which, if I had hastily attempted, he would have prevented my immediate compliance with the article, but then, when enraged, he would have obliged me to appear in a menial station, or forfeited all the salary; so that I must have lost my periodical payment still, or have paid severely indeed for it, by working as his negroe slave till the end of May, and that he well knew. Good God! was it worth his while to expose such narrow principles, and sacrifice all his avowed regard, for such a paltry sum!—As to my assertions, I suppose his books are in preservation, and curiosity might be satisfied.

After being deprived of my salary I met Mr. Garrick in Covent-Garden, not having admittance in his house, he being always denied; and at the theatre he hardly knew me, I had behaved so ill by asking for my salary to ruin him, *poor man!* When I told him that I had spoke to the prompter to know when my benefit-night was to be fixed, but had received no answer, he stood gazing, and like Lady Pentweazle, called up a look, not with one eye only, but with two piercers, meaning to intimidate me by his dignity, which might have had the desired effect two years before that encounter, but not then. At last he said, he was astonished at the unexpected absurdity as well as the unreasonableness of the request, and that the

business of the theatre was so arranged it could not be; but, to cut short all intercourse on the subject, he concluded with saying, he would not comply with it: and here I must observe was injustice, merely for fear I should add to the little stock I had secured much against his wishes, and he hoped by my being idle in London, and not receiving any salary, I should make it fly as quickly as a sailor does his money on a return from a voyage, and then be more within the falcon's reach. Now my benefit was very material to me, as I knew I should be favoured with a very good one, though in May, and duty to myself made me serious with him; I therefore boldly told him that I should make my loss of salary and benefit one business in a court of justice, and charge my benefit at 200*l.*; which added to the breach of article would not be less than two or three hundred more, and would be a good compensation, and added, with a bow and a smile, I could not wish for a better banker to to draw upon—what I spoke was truth. He then humm'd and haw'd, and said, “Why really now, why, Tate, why now you are d——d ridiculous!” and he walked me into Varney's, the house-keeper's room at the theatre, and sent for Cross: Mr. Lacey was also there, and they settled my benefit for Saturday the 3d of May, and desired Mr. Fox, whom Mr. Lacey said he had a great regard

for, might bring in tickets to such a sum as he specified:—I agreed to the request. The Mr. Fox I mention lives in Bow-street, and I have often from that time to this, at different periods, been obliged to him, and ever found him kind and attentive to serve me; and I have heard Mr. Fox (who was then a young stage candidate) declare, that he was lucky with his tickets, and pleased with Mr. Lacey's desire and allotment.

The play I fixed on was the Distressed Mother: Orestes, Mr. Wilkinfon; Hermione, Mrs. Yates; Andromache, by a Gentlewoman; with the prologue to the Author, Lady Pentweazle, and the Upholsterer.

The same reasons, as in Dublin, for not giving my imitations proved, that the like policy was necessary to be still preserved, at least for that year of my adventures and theatrical exploits in London.

The gentlewoman I advertised for her first appearance in Andromache, was no other than the *Mrs. Wier*, whom I have mentioned early in this multifarious history, where I met (luckily or unluckily, as the Fates will determine) with that good old gentleman, Mr. Baker, manager of the York company in October 1758.

If the reader will honour me with the remembrance so long back, of what I fear seems not only

trifling but tiresome, he will recollect that I mentioned Mrs. Wier being at that time mistress of a milliner's shop near Pall Mall, where I saw Mrs. Roach, who boldly, and with the spirit of an Amazon, went down to York to supply Mrs. Dancer's Lady Townly, Indiana, &c. thinking like Kecksy--*who's afraid!*

This Mrs. Wier had been made mistress of an ample well-furnished milliner's shop by Sir Francis Delaval, and properly supplied with all sorts of geer for *gentlewomen*, and eke also for *gentlemen*: Mrs. Wier's shop by no means answered, tho' Sir Francis Delaval had not spared any expence or recommendation within his power to render it lucrative.

I am bound to speak of this Sir Francis Delaval with reverence and regard, not only for his own partiality and friendship, but for the favours I have been formerly honoured with by the whole family, and obligations of the most pleasing kind; not only at Sir Francis's house, then bordering on Soho-square, but at Seaton Delaval, a few miles from Newcastle: but of that family, of whom I speak so warmly, none remains within my knowledge but Lord and Lady Delaval, whom I have had the honour of seeing frequently at Sir Francis's. There was no difference in Sir Francis's behaviour whether I saw him in London or

farther remote; for many gentlemen wear different faces on seeing an actor in London and seeing him in the country.

Now the milliner's shop, mentioned under the patronage of Sir Francis, not answering in all particulars, and the knight being determined his gentleman's gentlewoman should be quite the thing, took a house for her in Suffolk-street in the Strand, and furnished it as a reception for boarders, that Mrs. Wier might obtain a livelihood. At that house I had the pleasure of often seeing a very sensible, agreeable, well-bred lady, who occupied the first floor, then Mrs. Ford, but after that she had the honour to be Mrs. Colman; but the foe or friend of mankind, call him which we will, (Mr. Death) did not choose to see such an agreeable and tempting companion out of his clutches, but sneeringly and enviously threw his dart, and with one stroke levelled a fair one, lamented by all who knew her.

But even this lodging-house did not altogether answer for Mrs. Wier, or succeed to her expectations in the round of a twelvemonth's vicissitude. She had ever been fond of plays, and on my return from Ireland, seriously requested she might have a stage-trial on my benefit night; this I consented to, and she was to be the Andromache in the Distressed Mother. On that being settled, I,

in three or four days after, received a note from Sir Francis, desiring to see me on particular business in Soho-square: On the afternoon I called it so happened that Mr. Foote was there, with whom I had been on distant terms ever since our breach in March 1759.—This visit was almost immediately after dinner:—Sir Francis expecting me, had desired I might be shewn into another room, knowing his friend Foote's and my antipathy. He instantly came, and laughingly told me, that the business of his note was to inform me he had collected a large party for my benefit; adding, he had a request to make, but must be under the necessity of deferring it till the next day; for, says he, your old friend Foote is in the dining-room, and from your late disagreement I judge it will not be agreeable to either, as the meeting will be awkward; adding, he did not know how to act, unless, Wilkinson, you will let me take you by the hand as my particular friend, and as a supposed stranger? I, like Peter Paragraph, by way of reply said, I could not resist the proposed honour of being introduced as Sir Francis Delaval's particular friend; besides, I added, Mr. Foote had, of all persons in the world, the least right to be angry with me for mimicry, and indeed he had been by me interestedly the obliged person; and Mr. Foote had himself declared on Drury-Lane stage,

that any imitations of himself, by Mr. Wilkinson, were at the service of the public.

So under the sanction of being Sir Francis's particular guest I entered the room where Foote was, and several other gentlemen; Foote seemed hurt at first, but after the introduction as proposed, he behaved with great politeness.

As the circling glass went round, Mr. Foote grew more cordial and cheerful, and began speaking of tables in the first style of elegance in Ireland and Scotland—that several noblemen's houses in both places were supported with every luxury that a London table could furnish: for if London had the superiority in some particular articles, the other places had in greater perfection what London could not so easily purchase; which made the equality of good things more upon a level than the English would readily admit; but to which Sir Francis would not assent. And as a trait I have before observed in Foote's character when his real best friend, Sir Francis Delaval, left the room, where there were not less than eight or ten persons, each of whom he knew would relate again what he said, he burst out into a loud laugh, and turning to me said, "Wilkinson! did you ever hear such a hound giving his sentiments on good tables and living?—Since my return from Ireland," added Foote, "I have had the

mortification to dine here six times, and each day a d——d large loin of pork on the table, which he calls a dinner!—By G——d I'll not dine here again these three months; for I suppose he means to run his loin of pork against the Beggar's Opera?"—which had been acted a great number of nights at Covent-Garden, Mr. Beard being Macheath; Miss Brent, the Polly:—It was equal to the first run when it came out at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields Theatre, 1727—when a wit said, that the Beggar's Opera

Made Rich gay,
And Gay rich.

That piece also occasioned a material event: His Grace the Duke of Bolton was irresistibly enslaved by the Syren Polly (Miss Fenton); but neither persuasion, riches, nor settlement, could relax or soften the heart of the fair one; in short, nothing less could purchase her hand and heart than the sharing his honours as the Duchess of Bolton:—to the which he assented, and never had cause to repent, as she filled every duty of that high station with becoming dignity—as a duchess, wife, and mother. Admired by all, she enjoyed her unfaded laurels for many years, as the Bolton family can testify.

As to Mr. Foote's remark on the loin of pork, it might be partly true; for though Sir Francis was liberal and extravagant in many points, nicety of food was the last thing he ever thought of; if there was but plenty, he never cared for the quality or the luxuries of a table:—and had he actually heard Foote, he would only have laughed at him, and with him; he knew his foibles, and admired all Foote's sallies of humour that so often set the table on a roar.

Where be his gibes now, his flashes of merriment?

Not one now to mock his own grinning:

Alas! poor Foote!

But Sir Francis was so far even with Foote, that he enjoyed a stroke against him to the full as much as any other person:—He would laugh with Foote when acting Cadwalladar, yet was such a mischievous wag, that he would tease Mr. A—ce till he was enraged at Foote:—and all this was give-and-take, fair play:—He was fond of tricks with his guests who visited him at Seaton Delaval. Mr. O'Brien, on his return from a visit there, related to me many whimsical frolics which were practised with much joke and good humour; and Mr. O'Brien told them in such a manner as made the narrative very entertaining,

When Mr. Foote and the rest of the company departed, Sir Francis detained me in order to relate the request he had hinted at in his note; which was, he said, relative to an alteration of my play:—to change the Distressed Mother to that of *Tamerlane*; and that he wished to introduce, instead of Mrs. Pritchard, our old friend Mrs. Wier, whose welfare he had much concern for, and would instruct her in the character of *Arpasia*.

Sir Francis Delaval was greatly attached to the drama, so much so, that it is well remembered, and universally known he acted the part of *Othello* in March 1751, at Drury-Lane theatre, with ladies and gentlemen of fashion of his acquaintance. Sir Francis's person was noble, handsome, and commanding, and very proper to give a striking resemblance of the Moorish General. There is a strong likeness of that great patron of the actors and actresses at Lord Mexborough's, at Methley near Pontefract. To Lord and Lady Mexborough I am under numerous obligations; I could with pleasure say a great deal more, but were I to expatiate on all I feel for the many persons to whom I am indebted for favours, it would fill the largest book that ever was published, and furnish a little library.

Sir John, now Lord Delaval, acted *Iago*, and was pronounced incomparable in judgment and

display of abilities, and it was allowed by all to be a critical performance of that difficult character. Applause on that night's acting need not be mentioned, as the reader may be assured it was commanded, and not less merited. Sir Francis hired the theatre at a very considerable expence, as not only that of a benefit, but the supposed profits of Mr. Garrick's best character for attraction was added to that charge.

The family aided Sir Francis to fill the theatre with their own acquaintance only, which included all the nobility of the three kingdoms then in London, but not any one was admitted without a proper ticket from Sir Francis or his brothers, who had calculated the number the theatre would contain, and that without distinction of places to prevent offence: and in consequence, when the best places were occupied, the upper gallery was as brilliant with stars and garters as the boxes and pit below.

The rehearsals were (I have been told) entirely conducted by my good friend Macklin; Sir Francis held that gentleman in high esteem as his private confidential friend; and when he alluded to the teaching Mrs. Arpasia, he added, Macklin had promised to assist him, which free opinion collectively made me obedient.

I mention, or rather introduce here the more readily, these theatrical circumstances of Sir Francis Delaval, to account for his stage furor in teaching Mrs. Wier the character of Arpasia, who had many claims on his kindness to instruct her:——We must consider she was the *wife* of one Wier, who had served him faithfully for many years, and had ever assisted Sir Francis in his various attachments; for no sooner was one scheme accomplished but he was on the wing for another.—So Wier was never idle, but was an industrious servant; and it might be said truly of him that he always had his hands full, and was kept in perpetual employment.

I had not any objection to her playing Arpasia, and he gave me a genteel order for three side-boxes; for which he paid most liberally, and appointed two or three dozen of his friends to go into the pit.

When the night came there was a very brilliant audience; my own friends were numerous—Lady Granard, Lady Tyrawley, Mrs. Skelton, Lord Verney, were all there, and filled their separate boxes. Mrs. Wier was well received, as is generally the case with young performers from the candour of a London audience; but she was languid, timid, and barely reached mediocrity, tho' not by any means laughable or offensively ridicu-

lous ; indeed she began her stage career too late in life, being at that time, as near as I can guess, thirty-five or thirty-six years of age :—She wanted animation and expression for Arpasia. But she has quitted these earthly realms of abode, and has followed her Monefes, and left me, her Bajazet, to bemoan her loss.

This benefit, which I obtained from Garrick with difficulty, proved a very great and pleasing addition to my accumulating funds.

The theatre closed in May, and I, without seeing Mr. Garrick, having then obtained my freedom by the expiration of my article that had existed from October 1757, set off once more on a journey to Portsmouth, where I expected open arms to receive me, but was in my expectations disappointed : for though my friends were as usual glad to see me, the players were quite the reverse. The acting what parts, and reviving what plays I pleased, they represented, in strong terms, as very great innovations on the rules and orders established in their society or common-wealth ; as many useful members on that account had withdrawn themselves in disgust, greatly to the prejudice of their business in general.—The Hermoine, Mrs. Daly, expressed herself as greatly injured by my having introduced Miss Morrison and Miss White the year before, who had acted several of her favourite

characters. She thus harangued me: — The one, she said, had torn from her royal brows and stock of fame Cleopatra and Hermoine, next the chaste Penelope from the arms of her Ulysses; and not content with that, had actually separated the true Roxana from the love of Alexander: The other rival had stolen, by surprise, Sylvia and Desdemona, &c.;—and was she to be deprived of her honours by an ignoramus?—alluding to Miss White's *Battle-ax*, as mentioned before. Queen Daly proceeded, and, armed with her constant friend the brandy-bottle, pursued her declaration of wrongs and injuries with great prowess and strength of lungs; the surrounding kings and princes, with the lords in waiting, nodded marks of assent and approbation of their Amazonian tragic queen: they rose and voted their thanks, and unanimously resolved in future not to permit any interloper; but on consideration of my past services, they would for the summer season admit me as a sharer, (as they termed it) and to be restricted to only one benefit, and not as the year before two clear benefits. This proposal I would not by any means accept.—They urged (with truth) that my attraction as to novelty was passed, consequently my friends and the public at large, who had made it a business to attend the theatre to see and support me, would in all probability

decline their frequency of visits, and reserve their cash to serve me on my benefit night, merely for my particular advantage, which weighed materially with their considerations : So, on their not complying with my expectations and proposals, we parted with mutual disdain, rage, and anger at O. P. and P. S.*

I, like my brethren of the Sock and Buskin, laid the fault, as is natural, on the manager in particular, and to all my friends, I related my grievances, as well as to my best patrons, and sowed the seeds of discord with propitious hands, as they from their partiality to me were much enraged ; and it actually was the consequence of their encouraging another playhouse to be built, which is the present theatre.—From trivial causes sometimes matters of importance issue forth, and the banditti (for they were really little better) which existed and exulted (like savage fiends in human shape on the Cornwall coasts, eagerly waiting for a lucky ship-wreck,) on the spoils of war, were soon dispersed by regular forces from Bath ; and gin and brandy gave the final period to most of their existences.

* The reader is to understand, O. P. is the side of the stage opposite the prompter, and P. S. the side on which the prompter sits.

At that juncture, (as the war still continued between France and England) July 1760, there was an encampment at Winchester of no less than eight regiments of militia, and the Earl of Effingham's regiment of regulars, under the command of the present Lord's father. The father and son were both there, and there were the greatest number of officers I ever beheld assembled together. This brilliant camp was to be stationed there for the whole summer, unless the boasted French invasion, at that time so much threatened and expected, or some particular occurrence intervened and commanded a removal.

The Bath company, headed by Mr. Griffith and Mr. Keasberry, lured by the fair promise of a plentiful harvest, built a temporary theatre in that city; and finding I was at variance with the grantees of Portsmouth, gave me a very genteel offer to join the forces under their direction, which I accepted with pleasure, as the change was very satisfactory; and for good reasons, as it promised not only to be lucrative but eligible, and particularly pleasant: and another strong charm which it had with me was variety and novelty; two qualities ever predominant with me in all situations, and at that time, from my perpetual change of place, was become habitual. So that for the sake of variety the city or the village had at different

times equal charms according to my various dispositions. But either would have given me satiety, if confined to it alone. And could I live as I pleased, now I am writing this in March 1790, I would every six weeks or two months be on different ground, and with a full purse think I could make the whole year very delightful, by being in London, Paris, Bath, Edinburgh, &c.

However to Winchester I went, and found it to a high degree agreeable, and the weather added to make it delightful. It was one of the finest summers I ever remember; and certainly with youth, health, spirits, and money in the pocket, a love of acting, gratified and attended with applause and success at the age of twenty-one years, was an enviable situation not to be described; and all these blessings at that time I enjoyed, which are seldom to be equalled in any situation of life.

The enthusiasm attendant on a young man possessed of public favour, and being the utmost of the possessor's wishes, can only be felt, for it is not to be described;—it is a delusion of magical felicity known to the actor only:—few there are who have at one time that accumulation of good gifts just mentioned, and I really then was blessed with them all. Not that I now can boast those enviable treasures of health, pleasure, &c. but as Lady Pentweazle says, *I have had my day, Mr.*

Caroline.—But the stage has now no charms for me; yet *I cannot but remember* “Such things were, and were most precious to me;” and a time, though past, which I reflect on and re-act in my imagination with the greatest satisfaction——

It wakes a glad remembrance of my youth;
Calls back past joys, and warms me into transport.

And memory sometimes gives me a great degree of credit and self-approbation for some things—I dare not say all:—who can?—I was then upheld by the good and the great; from which aid all proper gratifications were supplied. But I never forgot the true respect and protection due to my mother, so in some degree I deserved the blessings I enjoyed.

At Winchester I received many favours and civilities, but not from any one so particularly as from the Marquis of Tavistock, eldest son to his Grace the late Duke of Bedford, to whose generosity and kindness I was much obliged.

Miss Ambrose, better known now by the name of Egerton, was a most agreeable young lady, as was also her sister; we used to have frequent parties, and have been from that time on a most friendly intimacy: Miss Ambrose, was that very season my Winchester Beckey.

The comedy of the Minor, that had met so unlucky a fate in Ireland a few months before, was just then printed and published, and was acting with a rage astonishing. It is not describable the crowds of all degrees that crushed in to that little theatre in the Haymarket, night after night in the hottest months of the year. The fashion of not publishing is quite modern, and the favourite pieces not being printed, but kept under lock and key, is of infinite prejudice to us poor devils in the country theatres, as we really cannot afford to pay for the purchase of MSS.—The only time I ever exercised my pen on such an occasion was on a trial of necessity.—Mr. Harris bought that excellent comic opera of the Duenna from Mr. Sheridan; I saw it several times, and finding it impracticable to move Mr. Harris's tenderness, I locked myself up in my room, sat down first the jokes I remembered, then I laid a book of the songs before me, and with magazines kept the regulation of the scenes, and by the help of a numerous collection of obsolete Spanish plays I produced an excellent opera; I may say *excellent*—and an unprecedented complement; for whenever Mr. Younger, or any other country manager wanted a copy of the Duenna, Mr. Harris told them they might play Mr. Wilkinson's: hundreds have seen it in every town in Great-Britain and Ireland.—

Mrs. Webb has acted the part of the Duenna in *my Opera*, as I call it, many nights at Edinburgh—Mr. Suett, the Jew, at York, &c.

While I was at Winchester his Royal Highness the Duke of York, who had honoured my benefit at Portsmouth in 1758, was at Southampton for his health and the advantage of sea-bathing. I must remark that Southampton, in the year 1760, was not frequented as a fashionable place of resort, but it now stands in equal rank with other various *ducking-places* at present in vogue for the autumn part of the summer.

His Royal Highness frequently paid a visit to the officers at the camp, and often honoured the theatre on those visitations; he recollected first seeing me at Portsmouth, and after at Drury-Lane Theatre in the *Diversions of the Morning*, &c. and having seen the *Minor* on its first representation, just before he had left London for Southampton, he sent Col. Pitt to Mr. Keasberry, desiring that piece might be got ready as soon as possible, and Mr. Wilkinson to perform Mr. Foote's characters; and when the comedy was prepared to inform Col. Pitt, and his command might be added at the top of the bill:—This was accordingly done.—By command of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, Wednesday evening, *August 13*, the *MINOR*.—Indeed the comedy

was in study, and would have been soon acted, but the unexpected honour was a most flattering and lucky stroke for me, the piece, and Mr. Keasberry: It brought a great house, and obtained uncommon applause, which was increased by the attention and distinguished marks of approbation bestowed by His Royal Highness.—I was honoured with his thanks by Col. Pitt; and when I with Mr. Griffith and Mr. Keasberry lighted his Highness out of the box, he said to me—“Very well indeed, Wilkinfon! I shall command it again.”—It was acted four or five times to great houses.

The whole season was indeed a scene of uninterrupted harmony and prosperity with our little community.—Indeed Mr. Keasberry was sometimes obstreperous, and actually turned me out of his house when the morning gun fired, that being the signal for sending me home to bed. I will here mention a very ludicrous circumstance that happened on the benefit of Mr. Keasberry.—Mr. Griffith, at the latter end of our season, departed for Dublin, being engaged by Mr. Mossop, the first winter of his opposition to Mr. Barry in that city.

Mr. Keasberry's benefit was on Wednesday the 1st of October; Alexander the Great was the play, got up with great attention: I was the Alexander, (also the Richard, Lear, &c.) The

constant regularity of the Bath company was such, that the reader may be assured there was not any neglect on Mr. Kealberry's night, but all decorations, &c. were ordered fully equal to what could be afforded. — Statira, Miss Ambrose. — All went off with great eclat till the latter part of the fourth act, soon after the death of Clytus. — Some olive leaves, &c. intended for decorations, being twisted and interwoven with little bits of wax, caught fire from the lights, and the flame continuing to blaze the burnt particles occasioned a strong stench—an universal cry of “Fire! fire!” prevailed, on which every person was alarmed, but not one so horribly aghast as the dead Clytus, who had expired by the rage of Alexander: he rose with the agility of a tumbler that would not have disgraced the Royal Circus; his uprise and exit were so quick, that he threw the immortal Alexander on his back. The late noble Earl of Effingham, who was remarkably corpulent, evinced equal alacrity with dead nimble-footed Clytus, and gave evident proofs of superior agility; for instead of making his way to the box-door, he with one spring of the utmost ease, swiftness, and dexterity, vaulted over the side-box, and lighted on his feet on a row in the middle of the pit, standing erect; the feat gave proof to the credit of the carpen-

ter; for it did not yield, but firmly supported its ponderous and noble weight.

In a few minutes the trifling cause that occasioned this universal panic subsided, and was soon extinguished; the audience called to order, the ladies instead of fainting, being surrounded by martial heroes, smiled; Lord Effingham returned to his box, but not by the way he went into the pit: No sooner was his Lordship settled in *statu quo* than all the gentlemen of the army (for he was universally beloved) gave a general salutation, which his Lordship returned, and after a hearty laugh on all sides the play was ordered to go on, and old grey-headed Clytus made his second appearance after death, and prostrated himself once more a victim at the feet of Alexander. It appeared so truly ridiculous, that the convulsive fits of laughter which involuntarily ensued, may easier be conceived than described; it was truly whimsical, and mutually entertaining. Joy and fear generally run into extremes, as was the case; for the remaining part of the fourth act of the tragi-comedy was all laughter: The distressed princess Statira in her alarm had not caught up a blanket (Hecuba like), but actually ran out of her thatched palace to the friendly refuge and asylum of the first clay-cold ditch that opened to receive her; and having recovered from her fears, returned

well escorted to our court of Babylon. So harmony being restored, with a pause for composure before the fifth act commenced, serious faces were once more resumed, and Alexander ordered to be interred in the temple of Jupiter Ammon with all honours, and without disturbance to his remains.

This anecdote of Winchester had escaped my memory had it not been refreshed by a gentleman of fashion who was present at that night's exhibition, and with whom I had the pleasure of supping at Mr. Broadhead's in Portland Place, March 1787, where Mr. Kemble was also at table.—Indeed the present Lord Effingham remembers it perfectly well. As I have taken the liberty to introduce here the late and the present Lord Effingham, I think it highly incumbent for me publicly to acknowledge the favours conferred on me by the late Lord Effingham, at that time at Winchester; and in consequence thereof I have been much honoured, since, by the present Lord and Lady Effingham, for whom I truly hold the most profound and respectful gratitude.

The success of the Minor made me desire a week's furlow to see Mr. Foote perform his characters in the meridian of its glory, which request was complied with.

It had received much retouching and many alterations by the ingenious hand of Mr. Foote,

since I had seen it the winter before in Ireland. — The Introduction, Smirk the auctioneer, and Dr. Squintum's Epilogue, were all entirely new. I went two or three nights, but with great difficulty got admittance, the crowds to see it were so numerous. I took that opportunity of hiring a post-chaise for the day to visit Cowley, meaning once more to claim and renew my acquaintance with Mr. Rich, who was then at his country-seat; but it was not attended with the success I wished: he was very civil, but the play-bill from Winchester, though aggrandized with his Royal Highness the Duke of York's patronage, had not the effect I expected it would have had: One hour was the full length of our *tete-a-tete*. However I did not repent my journey to London, as I had mended my performances in the Minor by seeing Mr. Foote's playing the parts, and the better prepared for my next acting of them at Winchester, which happened a few days after my return.

I judged, though Mr. Rich and I had not then agreed, it might be brought about, and if not, by my utility and consequence to the company at Winchester, and my friendship with Mr. Keafberry, I depended to a certainty on his interest to explain and speak so favourably of me to Mr. Arthur, manager of the Bath theatre, that I should secure a principal engagement there for

the winter; and believe, had I been reduced to have made the experiment, I should not have flattered myself with wrong conjectures, as I am certain Mr. Keasberry would have done any thing to have served me, and Mr. Arthur, (a fordid character) would have found it such an agreement as would have answered his purpose, as indeed it afterwards proved, though not that very year.

I must not omit to mention, it was the best bred audience at Winchester I ever saw; I do not remember when any thing went accidentally wrong on the stage, a single instance of sneering or ill-nature. It was from the beginning of the season till the ending, a continued scene of the most perfect good breeding that could be conceived or practised; and they were always ready to assist and relieve the performers when embarrassed, and never, by loud talking and affected contempt or rudeness, disturbed the theatre or distressed the actor. And to the credit of the Bath company at Winchester be it recorded, though their incomes were not superabundant or superfluous, though an amazing concourse of people; in the time of war, and provisions not cheap, but scarce and high priced, yet I do not believe one guinea was owing in the town of Winchester from a single actor, or the whole collected company of comedians.—*O tempora! O mores!*

• This trip from Bath was to the advantage of the players; yet the gentlemen of the army deemed it a compliment to themselves, and as such requisite for them to make a return for what they esteemed a favour: and indeed they were all, from the general down to the ensign, kept to the strictest military duty. What a relief certainly must a decent well-conducted little theatre have been to themselves and their variety of visitors from all parts of the kingdom, who came by way of respect to see their friends in the camp and the general grand review, and also as a pleasant trip of relaxation from London? I do not believe in the course of twelve weeks, three gentlemen ever attempted to get behind the scenes during the representation: for though the step was easy from the pit to the stage, the decorum was such that I do not recollect a single infringement. I did twice or thrice see Lord Effingham and the Marquis of Tavistock, and that chiefly on account of benefits: Not that we were destitute of female attraction. Mrs. Egerton (then Miss Ambrose, the Statira) made strong impressions on several; but on no one of note with such unmerciful havock as on the heart of the Marquis of Tavistock. I have entertained doubts that he subdued the fortress; for to my knowledge the Marquis offered large and munificent terms for

capitulation with all the honours of war, with "such accommodation and besort as levelled with her breeding." But when women stand a siege they are hard to be conquered, and generally subdue the boldest. If she had capitulated and yielded at discretion, she would have been more envied than censured: for I had then never seen the universal great and good qualities of the mind, and elegance of figure, so conspicuously united in one man, as I did in the Marquis of Tavistock. He was indeed when he died a loss to his illustrious family, his friends, and the nation, and as an individual, a great one to me; and will by me, ever while I have memory to recollect, be mentioned with regard for his goodness and the partiality he honoured me with. Those who recollect the Marquis will not think I have said too much, but rather given a faint drawing of the original. As the Marquis never forgot he was a man of quality and a soldier; so he never gave his inferiors cause to imagine he was not speaking to a gentleman.

Having made my observations on the extraordinary elegant demeanor of that noble military audience, I beg to be permitted to express what I have often felt for myself, and sympathized on the same account with my fellow comedians, when not only wantonly insulted, but too often

by the willfully rude behaviour from different parts of the theatre. I do not mean to confine it to the front, side, or stage boxes; though it is no more strange than true, that it too often comes from those places of most fashionable resort.— There surely is nothing so barbarous, so uncivilized, so unlike a real gentleman, as the exercising this inhuman, this torturing, affected disposition; for after all it proceeds in fact from affectation, the overflow of youthful minds, primed by the circling glass: Even the ladies are not always blameless in this respect, but excite their own mirth, by the putting their fellow creatures on the rack; surely the possessor of delicate feelings would shudder at knowing he or she was the cause of such misery. And is it not excruciating when you work upon the mind of another? The physician can administer for all ills but that, and therein Dr. Shakspeare says,

The patient must administer to himself.

I do not mean to dictate to persons who honour the theatre often that they are to be under the confinement of constant attention; (for most of the good houses are perhaps on fashionable nights, when, as to what the play is, does not signify the flirt of a fan), but they should avoid behaviour, which in a foreign theatre would not be tolerated. And only let the feeling mind re-

fect what a lessening to beauty and fortune, what a distortion such strange fits occasion, when they so far forget themselves as to descend to a level with their *deemed* inferiors, and put that beauty into the hands of an ill-natured painter: for players, *by the bye*, are painters, and though not bred artists, can sometimes steal from Shakspeare's portraits, and produce so strong a caricature, that though they may laugh, it does not give pleasure to their all seeming gaiety: For acting is not confined to the stage—but

All men and women are merely players:

They have their exits and their entrances.

All the modes of distressing actors and audiences, effectually baffle every effort from the performer: for he is immediately told by such insinuation, that he is a person of inferiority, who no body knows, though possibly a real gentleman and of family (though not a son of Fortune, but Misfortune) and is in consequence degraded as the player; his attempts immediately vanish, and the mock prince sinks suddenly to Mr. A., or Mr. B. and he must rest quiet (without hazarding the incurring of spleen, anger, &c.) and *submit* to such usurping tyranny as would disgrace the very inflictors to practice on their most menial dependents. O! ladies and gentlemen only reflect on the fable of the boys and the frogs——

That what is sport to you, is death to us.

Would that such laughers did more respect themselves ! could they behold a mirror at the moment, they would soon perceive by change of countenance that Dr. Young spoke truth, when he said of woman——

That Heaven is pleased to make distress become her,
And dresses her most amiably in tears.

And what is more extraordinary in this mode of wantonness (for I can term it no other) is, that these persons limit their demeanour according to the place they are in. At Edinburgh or Bath, rarely such littleness is seen from superiority; so much the contrary, that the Twigs of Fashion from every county, when in the boxes at Bath or London, sit as gentle as lambs, and are astonished at the barbarity of any noise whatever, that may in the least disturb the favourite actor or actresses. But here let the topic rest; for unless the true feelings of ladies and gentlemen will aid to constitute that amiable character, and plead in their breasts in behalf of stage tragedy-heroes, and stage-ladies of quality, all I can urge would be of no effect.

I remember some persons being called to order in the side boxes from the pit, when *Virginia* was acting at Drury-Lane. Mrs. Cibber acted that part, after which she had to speak the following lines in the epilogue; which had a most won-

derful effect on the aggressors, and was outrageously relished by the applauding audience.—

May I approach unto the boxes pray,
And there search out a judgment on the play?
In vain alas! I should attempt to find it!
Fine ladies see a play, but never mind it:
'Tis vulgar to be mov'd by acted passion,
Or form opinions till they're fixed by Fashion.

Most theatrical histories are made up by pages upon pages from Cibber, Betterton, Victor, Davies, and others, so in fact they are no more than complements, which makes me unwilling to give the following extract from Cibber; but as he is clever, and I naturally wish prosperity to the *sock* and *buskin*, I think a few lines from so able a master will be more acceptable than any thing I can offer on the subject.

Cibber says, "Notwithstanding all my best endeavours to recommend the profession of an actor, to amore general favour, I doubt while he is liable to more unlimited insults, as I have already mentioned; I doubt I say, we must still leave him a-drift with his intrinsic merit, to ride out the storm as well as he is able.

"However let us now turn to the other side of this account and see what advantages stand there to balance the misfortunes I have laid before you. There we shall still find some valuable articles of

credit, that sometimes over pay his incidental disgraces.

“ First, if he has sense he will consider, that as these indignities are seldom or *ever* offered him by people that are remarkable *for any one good quality*, he ought not to lay them too close to his heart : He will know too, that when malice, envy, or brutal nature, can securely hide or fence themselves in a multitude, virtue, merit, innocence, and even sovereign superiority have been, and must be, equally liable to their insults ; that therefore when they fall upon him in the same manner, his intrinsic value cannot be diminished by them : On the contrary, if with a decent and unruffled temper he lets them pass, the disgrace will return upon his aggressor, and perhaps warm the generous spectator into a partiality in his favour. That while he is conscious that as an actor, he must be always in the hands of injustice, it does him, at least this involuntary good that it keeps him in a settled resolution to avoid all occasions of provoking it, or of even offending the lowest enemy, who at the expence of a shilling may publicly revenge it. That if he excels on the stage, and is irreproachable in his personal morals and behaviour, his profession is so far from being an impediment, that it will be oftener a just reason for his being received among people of condition

with favour, and sometimes with a more social distinction, than the best though more profitable trade he might have followed could have recommended him to.

“What a blessing, therefore, is it—what an enjoyed deliverance! after an actor has been driven by fortune to stand so many wanton buffets of unmanly fierceness, to find himself at last quietly lifted above the reach of them.—Now, though I have sometimes known these gallant insulters of audiences draw themselves into scrapes which they have less honourably got out of, yet, alas! what has that availed:—This generous public-spirited method of silencing a few, was but repelling the disease in one part to make it break out in another. All endeavours at protection are new provocations to those who pride themselves in pushing their courage to a defiance of humanity. Even when a royal resentment has shewn itself in the behalf of an injured actor, it has been unable to defend him from farther insults! An instance of which happened in the late King James’s time. Mr. Smith (whose character as a gentleman could have been no way impeached, had he not degraded it by being a celebrated actor) had the misfortune in a dispute with a gentleman behind the scenes to receive a blow from him: The same night an account of this action was carried to the

King, to whom the gentleman was represented so grossly in the wrong, that the next day his Majesty sent to forbid him the court upon it. This indignity cast upon a gentleman, only for having maltreated a player, was looked upon as the concern of every gentleman; and a party was soon formed to assert and vindicate their honour by humbling this favoured actor, whose slight injury had been judged equal to so severe a notice. Accordingly the next time Smith acted he was received with a chorus of cat-calls, that soon convinced him he should not be suffered to proceed in his part: upon which, without the least discomposure, he ordered the curtain to be dropped; and having a competent fortune of his own, thought the conditions of adding to it, by his remaining upon the stage, were too dear, and from that day entirely quitted it. I shall make no observation upon the King's resentment, or on that of his good subjects; how far either was or was not right, is not the point I dispute for. Be that as it may, the unhappy condition of the actor, was so far from being relieved by this royal interposition in his favour, that it was the worse for it. While these sort of real distresses, on the stage are so unavoidable, it is no wonder that young people of sense (though of low fortune) should be so rarely found to supply a succession of good actors.—

Why then may we not in some measure, impute the scarcity of them to the wanton inhumanity of those spectators who have made it so terribly mean to appear there? Were there no ground for this question, where could be the disgrace of entering into a society, whose institution, when not abused, is a delightful school of morality; and where to excel requires as ample endowments of nature as any one profession (that of Holy Institution excepted) whatsoever?—But, alas! as Shakspeare says—

Where's that palace whereinto sometimes
Foul things intrude not?—

The best things are liable to corruption, and the errors of a theatre is no disproof of its innate and primitive utility.”

Garrick observed, that twenty-four years playing the fool claimed allowance for such tedious labour. Now I have been thirty-three years in this perplexing business, with infirmities helping to enfeeble; and it is not in my power or inclination to be much longer an actor. An old man (it has been observed by an eminent writer) acted well by a young one is truly entertaining; but performed by a real old man is lamentable, and not to be borne. It is therefore evident, men should quit the stage (if practicable) at a certain

time of life, and women earlier, lest they incur with Prior's Lady—

Pity Betterton in age,
That ridicules the Godlike rage.

Not but a good old woman is on the stage, as well as in life, at any time worth fifty bad young ones. A gentleman, like-manner, being tipsy, naturally exhibited, is very pleasant; but a *real* drunken man we will kindly suppose never was or ever will be seen on the stage.

Having been so free on the supposition of being a spectator, I cannot in idea take leave of the stage with an easy mind and sit quiet, unless I speak of what is much more reprehensible, and a more egregious fault in performers, than any I have mentioned or can insert of an audience.

Many allowances from accident may be made for young persons of rank in their *gaieté de cœur*; but what can be said for the outrages or rather audacious behaviour of too many performers, who thunder out their disapprobation, and the cruel insults they receive occasionally from the audience; but would such performers more strictly adhere to their duty, and preserve more their own propriety, they could then with more reason and real justice complain. It grieves me to say the conduct of players on the stage is too often unjustifiable, and not to be defended, and should always be re-

prehended by the audience in the severest degree. They should consider that Mr. Garrick, who had attained an immense fortune, when on the boards, laid himself liable to the censure or applause of the audience.

As an instance that the audience know their power, the late lively-spirited, good-natured Nicholson Stewart of Edinburgh, a man of family and fortune, who knew every gentleman and lady in that city without exception, when he presented himself on the stage for Hamlet, Romeo, or Pierre, (whenever he acted it was always for a public charity) the audience did not pay their money to set up their friend as an idol, unless he proved himself worthy to be worshipped; and tho' that gentleman did actually possess sterling merit, yet he wanted much to make a complete Hamlet or a perfect Pierre, but as a stage-struck genius (like Mr. Vapid) they would judge of him as to his merits more or less as an actor.

It is not so easy to mount the stage and please as many imagine; for when the audience were informed Mr. Stewart (on the night of his acting Pierre) had fallen down a trap, and thereby put a stop to the play for a short space, the impanneled jury of the pit, instead of commiserating his painful tumble, burst out into an involuntary roar of laughter——Dr. Franklin says,

The Critic first we banish from our session,
 Death is his trade, and damning his profession :
 Disqualified, because (to say no further)
 Butchers are never heard in case of murder.

But had that gentleman (Mr. Stewart) been in a room with any of those persons, and fallen down or fainted, every one would have been most anxiously concerned, and have run to his assistance.

An actor should consider that when the first man in a county sets up for a member of parliament, he is obliged to solicit and use humiliating application, (aye, and the right application too) if he hopes to gain his election ; but then he has the happy consolation to know and feel *it is all for the good of his country.*

From the king to the minister, and from the minister to the king, at times, disagreeable condescension must in some degree happen :—It is humiliating when the most despotic monarch cannot carry all his points :—France and Germany have lately afforded striking instances.—*The cobbler and his last* should never be forgotten ;—and no man by any means feels the least mortification or disappointment in a more stinging degree than the very proud man, who looks down even on his equals with a haughty and supercilious eye : therefore when such a great character is seen not deign-

ing to look at or know you, there yet is a certain consolation, that *that* very great man has often checks that cut him to the soul, gall his pride, and make him miserable, and the least trifle of slight from his superior is insupportable and irritating to the end of his life—The actor or the poor man feels it only momentarily, for at the corner of the next street he possibly meets a real gentleman who makes double and treble amends, and the proud man is no more thought of but as he deserves.

There are many who profess to the actor great friendship by giving him an invitation for the evening, but the day after do not know how to meet him with civility, lest the common easy mode of behaviour should occasion a contagion or appear disgraceful to themselves:—Indeed I have not much reason to complain of this, but I have seen it often practised—though seldom in the metropolis.

I have not any right to animadvert on the private conduct of actors, for there are at the theatres many whose rectitude is so praise-worthy, that I might take lessons, and wish to equal and emulate them.

Actors are too likely from their nocturnal line of revels and conviviality, to be led into the love of company, which begets a cheerful glass, the cheerful glass begets a late hour, and these habits

increase into a custom (as with myself) and cause a thousand frailties, follies and faults, and too often occasion terrible neglect at the fountain head, the theatre, from whence all their real credit and reputation must spring: I therefore entreat and beseech, if the performers sincerely wish the stage to be respectable, that they will produce samples of regularity and attention, and I will venture to affirm the reformation will not pass unobserved.

If a superior is obliged to act his part in life, the comedian should know his name as is in the bill to act the part announced to the public, and that he should execute it to the best of his abilities; more cannot be expected.—But how can he or she expect attention or regard from an audience, when the performers so frequently treat that audience with freedom, nay apparent neglect? and nothing but severe reprobation and anger will effectually cure laughing at the audience, and entertaining themselves with low indecent jokes and a volley of oaths not in the parts, and often spoke of to their great discredit at the tabernacle, and too often the manager blamed for not preventing such impromptu's, which is not in his power, and even the females staring into the stage-boxes and smiling at their acquaintance, acting all to the pit, not directing their discourse to the person on the stage, and Horatio, though so enjoined to at-

tend to the business of the play, employs all that time by apparently numbering the house.

If the actors wish for regard, they should treat the theatre each morning certainly with the same degree of respect they would observe in the most common school-room; rehearse the play with serious attention, and not with riot and discord; thereby giving the stage opponents such full scope to exclaim, that the theatre proves itself a school of anarchy and disorder by the perpetual slander many performers bestow on their colleagues: For 101. more in one house on a benefit than in another, will raise a jealousy not to be subdued for a month.

A little application to the study of authors and criticisms in general would mend many actors and actresses; but rehearsals too frequently resemble a game at school-boys play, and instead of preparing for the stage like gentlemen, they are acting in the style and behaviour of Christmas-street country mummers.

Do not let the reader conceive the theatre such a bear-garden as to render this picture necessary for the performers in the country in general, far from it; I am only speaking the sentiments of liberal minds, who are hurt at seeing such vulgar and unpardonable behaviour from a few egregiously ill-bred, whom reasoning would only inflame and

make their company still worse: and the audience have often too much patience when they pass over such repeated faults by too much indulgence, which the wrong-headed actor places to approbation and his own merit.

It is not arrogant or presumptive to alledge, that many gentlemen and ladies of the stage have deserved and received every respectful compliment, and that real gentlemen of family have been actors with credit to themselves and their connections, and that persons of no pedigree have proved themselves ornaments to the stage and to human nature, by the assistance only of amazing genius and talents, and that such have arrived to the summit of perfection, is as evident as the noon-day sun, and will be continuing to arise occasionally (like comets) till time shall be no more.

We all have our faults, as actors and actresses in the world's drama, and without being too hard on the stage—let each go pluck the beam out of his own eye, and then he will see clearly to pluck the mote out of his brother's eye. Actors before they wish to expose the errors of each other, which, when exaggerated, they blazon trifles, like making mountains of mole-hills, or resembling the story of the three black crows,—a gentleman in his illness having discharged something almost as black as a crow.

As to the good word of a Methodist it cannot be expected; because if real charity or candour is wanted, it is much more likely to come from the stage than from a conventicle; and a methodist and a player, like a spider and a toad, are natural enemies, each party using his lungs in hopes of a crowded benefit.

Actors should never run into debt, (a hard injunction!) for they may be assured a day of payment will be expected, and what is worse, that *one* such black sheep gives the idea of dishonesty to a whole troop; which is very hard, and might with as much propriety be thrown on any other profession, that many should be blamed for the faults of a few.

Running into debts that can be avoided lessens in every degree the actor's darling passion, that is, his ideal consequence; and there is another that actors incur, which manifests negligence, and is, as Mr. Garrick told Shuter, *not to be too comical*. O comical actor! it is a debt, and a dangerous debt, not easily forgot or forgiven; for how can the performer think that though perhaps the town last night laughed and gave indulgence that he is free? so far from it, he has lost the golden ore, their good opinion, and it will take a long time to regain it: For the actor is dreadfully wrong who thinks, because himself and friends laugh at what

is termed jokes out of all *time, place, and character*, it is forgiven in general, and not set down against him, and mentioned for a twelvemonth at least with spleen and rancour by the judicious; and though this may be cruel, it is in some degree just, and should not be so frequently deserved. I would have all thirst for applause, but let the means pursued be professional and characteristic to deserve it.

In London an actor must be at least near right before he is established; out of London an actor seldom gets into favour and popularity, but he too frequently in consequence leaves the right road for the wrong, that is, he studies to quit nature, and endeavours to obtain *false* applause by any means, no matter how acquired:—"that is villainous," and in the end it destroys the good seeds of promise, and proves a pitiful ambition in the knave that uses it, be it a tragedian or comedian; for the same ill-judged means may be practised as much almost by the one as the other. In the green-room the jokes on this occasion are "bringing them down;" and "we have been running our lengths."

Laughing on the stage at our own witticisms is another lamentable, not comical fault:—Not that I would mean to be so rigid as not to allow for an accident, or once in a way a well-timed joke,

provided it suits time, place, and character. If the joke be ever so good, yet if the actor is performing as a Spaniard or a Frenchman, and reprobates either, all wit or sense is destroyed, and the actor truly censurable.

Mr. Garrick was perhaps the most rigid man in the world as to this discipline, yet I remember a fly joke whispered by Mrs. Clive in *her good humour*, that put Mr. Garrick so off his guard, that he was seized with a fit of laughing, and that so violently, that he could not finish the *Way to Keep Him*, but was obliged, after two or three efforts, to make his bow amidst a roar of electrical laughter. But this was merely the effect of chance, and perhaps never before occurred in his life-time, so as to be really mastered by the whim of the Flying Meteor: it was therefore not only very justly pardoned, but enjoyed and applauded. Had even Mr. Garrick the next night done the same, it would have been very properly judged the greatest contempt that could be offered, nor would he have forgiven himself; and had he been ten Garricks in one, he would not have escaped censure and disapprobation:—For though an audience may laugh out of place, yet it is the actor's profession, and that profession cannot be so truly degraded as when the professors turn the most difficult art in the world, to arrive at excel-

lence in, into ridicule, and tell the audience it is not such a character before them, but the humourous negligent Mr. Wou'd-be the actor.

A circumstance relating to laughter on the stage once occurred to myself at the Haymarket theatre in 1764, and as I have been mentioning errors in most theatres, permitted out of London from too great lenity, it leads me to point out a proper cure for the fault of laughing.—I was that year an established favourite in London. One evening as Mr. Foote and myself were acting Tragedy A-la-Mode, the farce was going on with high relish; but in my dying scene of Golcondas something ludicrous occurred and I laughed, Mr. Foote laughed, and then the audience laughed, and all was pleasantry, good humour, approbation, and the curtain dropped with mutual satisfaction. The next night as I was performing the same part at the same place, I again took the same liberty to be comical, but it was where I should have been sad, and an universal severe hiss, with strong marks of anger, resounded throughout the whole theatre, which changed my merriment, and convinced me of the impropriety and error I had been guilty of, by making me feel the only effectual means and mode of correction, and I have remembered the lesson ever since, and wish every actor and actress, who take the same presumptive

freedom with an audience, would read this and remember me.

How foolish does a giggling man or woman appear in company, when, like Wow/ki, they grin, shew teeth, and laugh without knowing for why? but what can look so truly ridiculous as *performers* laughing out of character at they know not what?—Out of the metropolis, actors dress many footmen like boors, which would lead a cockney, on seeing a play out of London, to imagine many gentlemen's servants in the country were as different in materials and sagacious qualities, as a Bath turnspit compared to a lady's Italian greyhound.—Another reformation necessary is, the great composure with which ladies and gentlemen on the stage throw elegant bound volumes, &c. into ponds, rivers, &c. which cannot occur in genteel life, unless by great surprise, illness, or unexpected insanity.

Stage monarchs and heroes that o'erstep the modesty of nature in blank verse may be permitted to throw valuable trinkets about at pleasure—It is not out of character for the usurping Richard to toss away the prayer-book as disagreeable and useless after the lord mayor has taken his leave, for it has served his end, and is to him then like lumber, fit only to be thrown aside and scorned. Those actions, too frequently practised

and permitted in the theatre, as the fine gentleman in modern life, are a violation of all probability, character, and decorum. When Mr. Reddish first performed in Dublin, he inserted a paragraph informing the public that he was a gentleman of easy fortune: But as he was acting Sir John Dorilant in the *School for Lovers*, and walking in his garden, perusing a book most elegantly bound, on the approach of his beloved Celia he threw the handsome volume into a ditch: A gentleman in the pit seeing him do so, said to Mr. Macklin, who sat near him, "Pray, Sir, do you think that conduct natural?" "Why, no, Sir," replied Macklin gravely, "not as Sir John Dorilant, but strictly natural as Mr. Reddish: for you know, Sir, he has advertised himself as a gentleman of easy fortune."

Letters on the stage are in general wrote in as little time as signing the name only would require, and signing the name in less than the two initial letters.

I fear I have tired my gracious reader;—but if out of ninety and nine I can reform one actor, I obtain a theatrical proselyte for his own and the public good, I gain my end, and solicit forgiveness for my tediousness.

I have made so many professions as to my Winchester partiality, that I think my veracity must be

doubted, by having so long neglected my indispensable duty at the camp-theatre, and return now, not as a deserter, but a willing volunteer, and mention that my benefit was on Friday, September 12, and was honoured with every attendance I could possibly hope for.—The play was *The Confederacy*; my *Dish of Tea*, with the farce of *Lethe*:—I played *Mrs. Amlet*, *Lord Chalkstone*, and the *Old Man*. I had many genteel presents from *Lord Tavistock*, and several of the leading gentlemen of the army. About that time *Mr. Garrick* had some dispute and quarrel with my friend *Mr. Macklin*, and had to a certainty purloined his favourite farce of *Love A-la-Mode*, then in high rage of fashion with the public, both from its novelty and real attractive merits; and so eager was he to hurt (if possible) *Mr. Macklin's* property in that excellent piece, that he wished to do it by the means of a division of the spoils, as *Macklin* was engaged at *Covent-Garden*: Nay, it is evident, to have obtained that desired object, he would have run the hazard of a law-suit, tho' he knew it must have ended to his dishonour; but in that instance his spleen outwent his policy, as the insertion of the following letters to me will decidedly prove. I never mentioned the matter to *Mr. Macklin*, as it would have caused mischief between him and *Mr. Garrick*.

“DEAR SIR,

“THE managers have desired me to inform you
“that if you play the Scotchman in Love A-la-
“Mode, they will give you for every time that
“you shall perform the part two guineas ; and if
“you mingle in the other business, you shall have
“your old salary besides, and a benefit in course of
“salary when you return from Ireland. I wish
“you had called upon me when in town, for I
“always think that matters are sooner adjusted
“by one meeting of the parties than by a thou-
“sand letters. The managers desire their com-
“pliments to you. I am, dear Sir,

“Your most obedient

“Very humble servant,

26 *August*, 1760.

“GEO. GARRICK.”

“P. S. Pray send an answer by return of the
“post, for I am going out of town soon.”

“DEAR SIR,

“I HAVE communicated the contents of your
“last to the managers, and they think you are too
“hard with them.—They are willing to give you
“two guineas for every time that you shall play
“Sir Archy, and will engage that you shall play
“it fifteen times at least, and that you shall have

" your old salary, be permitted to make your ex-
 " cursions, during which time you are not to re-
 " ceive any salary; but if you return before the
 " benefits, or shall play in any of their nights at
 " your return, that then your salary shall be con-
 " tinued from the time of your return, and you
 " be entitled to your benefit into the bargain—
 " they cannot possibly do more. If the terms are
 " agreeable to you, please to let my brother know,
 " for I go into Derbyshire on Monday next, and
 " they will send you the part directly.

" I am, dear Sir,

" Your most obedient,

" Humble servant,

" GEO. GARRICK."

4th September, 1760.

" SIR,

" Hampton, Sept. 18, 1760.

" I RECEIVED yours, and shall answer it di-
 " rectly.—I can scarcely think that you are in
 " earnest with us from your last proposition.—
 " You must know that it is impossible, from
 " the nature of a theatre, to let you have a bene-
 " fit before Christmas: you must fix with us, or
 " be off immediately. Mr. Lacey and I will agree
 " to give the two guineas per night for the acting
 " Sir Archy; and during the run, or as long as

" that farce continues to be acted we will allow
 " you your former salary. When the farce is laid
 " aside you shall have liberty to go adventuring,
 " and when you return shall have a benefit as
 " usual ; and if employed in Sir Archy, or other-
 " wise, your salary shall be continued to you.—
 " This is proposed to you to hinder any more cor-
 " respondence.—Say *aye* or *no* in your next by the
 " next post ; and we desire that you will keep this
 " matter a *profound secret*, and study the part in
 " all haste, and *secretly*. I am, dear Sir,

" Your truly well-wisher

" And humble servant,

" D. GARRICK."

These epistles remind me————

An open foe may prove a curse ;
 But a pretended friend is worse.

The terms offered in those letters were truly
 despicable for the considered undertaking. Surely
 the labourer deserves his hire, particularly as it
 was really a service of danger which he artfully
 wished me to undertake ? for I was to engage and
 fight : and if any spoils or harvest was to be ac-
 quired from the field of battle, he intended, like
 generals of *former* ages, to have reaped all the ad-
 vantages himself ; I therefore positively declined

any engagement whatever—Falstaff like I would no more into the buck-basket, rather preferring a winter situation out of London, than to be hampered by Mr. Garrick as his hobby-horse, unless well paid for all his cutting and flashing. Notwithstanding Mr. Rich had refused my proferred services, (which seldom are held in value) before I made my determination how to arrange my engagements, I once more steered for dear London, and left Winchester in the middle of October, to see what was going forward in the great world; but not with likelihood of any continuance there that year of our Lord. On the day of my departure Lord Tavistock honoured me with a present of fruit in a hamper well packed; I set off highly gratified with the gift, but much more so from the very flattering kindness of the compliment, than by the value of the donation: and to prove how good events are sometimes produced by trifles, as once on a time the cackling of geese saved a city, so I, on my arrival in London, judged that this hamper of Bury pears, &c. would be a genteel and very acceptable present to Mr. Rich, and more so, as the fruit would keep with care for some weeks at that season of the year; and I added to the said hamper a very fine hare. In London these things are esteemed presents, but in Yorkshire I am under such constant obligations to

my friends, that I have not the least reason to regret I am not a sportsman to be my own provider, or not possessed of a park or game-keeper, as I have constantly some kind remembrancer that supplies me.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

